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THE SEARLE-O'CONNOR CONTEST.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

VOLUME LIV.—No. 628
Price Ten Cents.



BRIGAND MORALES' DEED.

HE ASTOUNDS LOWER CALIFORNIA BY CARRYING OFF A SAN DIEGO RANCHER'S PRETTY DAUGHTER.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

AGENTS, TAKE NOTICE!

SULLIVAN'S COLORS.

As an inducement for any person to solicit subscriptions for the POLICE GAZETTE, we are now making the following offer for a limited time only: Upon receipt of Four Dollars at one time, for either One Year's Subscription, Two separate Six Months' Subscriptions or Four separate Three Months' Subscriptions, we will send, free of charge, an elegant fac-simile of the colors worn by John L. Sullivan during his battle with Jake Kilrain, July 8, 1889. These fac-similes are made of fine "Silkade," in different colors, and are beautiful souvenirs of the most important battle that has ever taken place in the history of the prize ring. Price of colors, separate from subscription, \$1.50.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.

To any person who will send Eight Dollars at one time, for Two separate Twelve Months' Subscriptions, Four separate Six Months' Subscriptions or Eight separate Three Months' Subscriptions for the POLICE GAZETTE to this office we will present, free of charge, a handsome fac-simile of the colors worn by Jake Kilrain in his memorable battle with John L. Sullivan, July 8, 1889. Kilrain's colors are the most beautiful design that has ever been manufactured for the purpose; are finished on Pure Silk and are well worth \$5 each.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE fall crop of Niagara Falls suicides promises to be large. The desire on the part of some of our athletic fellow citizens to dally with death by tumbling over the Falls into the Rapids of Eternity has imbued other people who haven't a full quota of gray matter in their brain boxes to coquet with the rushing waters, and the result promises to boom the undertaker business. One woman tried it last week, and more will, no doubt, follow. It might be a half bad idea to build a fence around the cataract and charge an admission fee.

THE baseball problem, so far as the American Association is concerned, appears to be pregnant with "kicks." As we go to press this week Brooklyn is in the van and promises to remain there. President Von der Ahe of the St. Louis contingent has already forfeited two games and threatens not to again meet the Brooklynites unless he has police protection. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of all concerned, that the matter will be amicably settled, as these constant kicks are gradually giving the baseball-loving public an emphatic and italicized pain.

THE sensation of the season is the celebrated case of "Amorous Eva," the particulars of which appear on another page of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. The story tells how an adventuress inveigled a wealthy and respected citizen into marrying her by the presentation of a bogus baby, and was progressing toward his ultimate ruin when her temper got the better of her and she attempted to carve her nurse girl into mince meat with her constant companion, a dagger. The full story of this decidedly interesting case will be found in a book just issued from this office.

WHAT might appear to the unsophisticated public as a phenomenon occurs every time a bridge car passes the POLICE GAZETTE building on its way to and from Brooklyn. Stoodee passengers drop the straps from which they are hanging and bow gracefully at the building, while those who are lucky enough to have obtained a seat swirl round and also do the curtsy act. This scene has become so general that those who are making their first trip over the Big Bridge might be led to imagine that there was an electric current in the air at this point which caused the strange action. The explanation of it is that the riders are anxious to gauge their progress by means of our clock, which, like the POLICE GAZETTE, is always on time.

HERE we are again! Sustaining its reputation for "get-there-iveness," the POLICE GAZETTE comes to the front in this issue with a full report of the Searle-O'Connor contest on the Thames. The report was in the POLICE GAZETTE office within an hour after the termination of the race, and special artists, who had been busy with sketches of the scenes, had their work well in hand. This seems phenomenal, but it is none the less true, as our pages this week duly testify to. If anybody should slap us on the back and remark, in the language of the day that "there are no insects on the POLICE GAZETTE!" we really and truly believe that, with the enthusiasm of our heart of hearts and mind of minds, we would be tempted to ejaculate:

"RATS!"

MASKS AND FACES

Dears and Dudes--Edouin and Hoyt--Dun, Barry and Fay.

"HALF SEAS OVER."

"The Great Metropolis"--Comedians on Comedians--Elixir for the Girls.

FOOTLIGHT FLICKERS.

Dumley was standing in the lobby of the Casino the other night waiting for the end of the show. He paced nervously up and down over the tiled floor, gazed vacuously at the photographs in the frames and



at the bouquets on the stand, walked feverishly to the door and glanced anxiously to eastward through his monocle.

At 10:45 a siren enveloped in a nutria came out of the stage portal, and a tall, handsome dude escorted her to a cab.

Dumley rushed forth, but too late. His lady love had vanished with another. But Dumley--what else could possibly happen to such a fool as Dumley?

He'd seen the bright sun for several years,
That's all! That's all!
And he was well known as the "King of the Dears,"
That's all! That's all!
For breakfast, an egg and sherry, "Be Gad!"
For lunch, the end of his cane's all he had,
For dinner, he looked in at Del's and felt glad,
That's all! That's all!

I met Charley Hoyt in at Kirk's the other afternoon. "I want to say that my early dramatic training with Willie Edouin has been of the greatest value to me. That man taught me many a trick by which I have profited. One good thing he said that I have always remembered, 'Charley,' said he, 'when you write a farce comedy, remind your audience of the plot at least once in every fifteen minutes.'"

While I watched La Carmencita, down at Niblo's the other night, I thought of Marie Vanoni, who used to make such a sensation at Koster and Bial's, New York, some years ago, dancing a Spanish dance. Vanoni is quite a favorite in London nowadays. Her husband, in the old days, was a sickly composer, who worked



late and allowed his fair wife lots of leisure. A certain prominent violinist was one night assaulted by this same husband, since dead, for innocently conducting his wife home in a cab after the show. Vanoni had two lovely children, to whom she was much attached. A prominent physician here, of foreign origin, gave her her first lessons in singing and stage deportment. Vanoni stumbled over her dress at a concert

I once assisted. She is now perfectly well able to manage managers, trains and men.

"There are more ways of killing a cat than choking her with butter," said Alfred Trumble, the other night. "At the end of one of the first performances of last week, I stood at the bar of a saloon next to the manager of the show and a distinguished daily paper critic. The daily paper critic was abusing the show in good round terms. Failure was the least that he predicted for it. The manager, in an absent-minded way, put out a twenty-dollar bill to pay for twenty-five cents' worth of drinks. The change was duly piled on the counter. 'Excuse me for running off, old man,' said the manager, 'but I must see what the house counted up.' 'Is this your change, sir?' asked the bartender, while the critic finished his drink alone. 'Ah, ya-as,' answered the critic, 'forgot all about it,' and he put it into his pocket, and next day only damned with faint praise the play in the paper he represents."

Barry and Fay are at the Park Theatre.

The most sensational book ever published, "Bella Starr, the Famous Bandit Queen of the West," and rival of Jesse James. Very handsomely illustrated; low ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

They appeared there last week in "McKenna's Flirtation," a three-act farce comedy, and under the active and intelligent management of William M. Dunlevy. The piece is about the supposed love of one Irishman for the plump and pretty wife of another Irishman.

This supposed love is engendered and fostered by a misdirected letter.

Barry and Fay made a hit from the rise of the curtain.

Barry is short, fat and awkward. Fay is tall, thin and angular.

Barry has a thick, rich brogue. Fay deals out his big dictionary words in dry, staccato tones.

Barry appeals to the heart. Fay pleases the intelligence.

They're a notable team.

Dunlevy has a couple of winners there, and he deserves to have them. The cast was good.

Marion Earle, as the wife, was a bundle of blonde amiability with a soft brogue.

Marie Cahill caught on as the singing and dancing soubrette.

Arthur Moreland was a fine caricature of a shyster lawyer.

Charles Sturges looked useful.

J. A. Wheelock was weak as the dude.

Charles Lamb was a very lion in love with the soubrette.

R. E. McAllister, though not one of the Four Hundred, did very well as a tough.

And a bevy of winsome girls, Mabel Morris, pretty and blonde, in an aesthetic pale green dress; Sadie McDonald, Nettie Lowe, Vernie Henshaw, Lena Ward and Minnie Leighton, danced, frisked and warbled in a delightfully free and easy style.

I wonder whether some of these girls haven't been taking lessons in fencing of that master of the foils, Lester Shaffer, who has just established himself here. It looks like it.

In an upper box on the first night I observed Dan Collier and Johnny Wild. The gags, waggies and witticisms of Barry and Fay seemed to amuse them immensely. Collier laughed mildly. Wild laughed boisterously.

That reminds me of the fact that I have recently been watching comedians in orchestra chairs watch brother comedians on the stage. It's an interesting study. Marsh H. Wilder wriggled all over at the antics of Billy Carroll at the Burr McIntosh benefit the other day. I saw Louis Harrison placidly amused by Harry Paulson in "Paola" last week. I have often observed Jimmy Powers launch with hearty appreciation at Francis Wilson in "The Oolah," but Daboll remained all the while calm and impassive. During the run of "Boccaccio," at Palmer's, Wilson shook like a jelly fish when De Wolf Hopper got off some of his funny sayings, and at the Bijou Tim Murphy and Eugene Canfield heartily applauded that rising youngster Lee Harrison.

Colonel Milliken, with a pink in his buttonhole and a smile on his face, stood at the entrance of the Madison Square Theatre on a pleasant afternoon last week.

Within the cool, aristocratic playhouse a select audience applauded his play, "Half Seas Over," with continuous and apparently sincere applause.

It's a rollicking, rattling farce-comedy in three acts. A young fellow gets himself into all kinds of complications as a heroic sea captain.

There is a young wife, a mother-in-law, a pert maid, a decoy music teacher, a tar and a boisterous old gentleman in the cast.

Jessie West, as the maid, danced herself into favor. Kate Foley was too heavy as the light soubrette, Minnie Seligman was too emotional as the juvenile lead.

Miller Kent made a decidedly favorable impression as the young gentleman who gets into all sorts of entanglements, but he oughtn't to put his hands on his hips so much.

Pauline Markham, still a handsome figure of a woman, was heartily applauded for old times' sake, but she oughtn't to sing.

It's almost as painful to hear her sing as to hear Isabella Urquhart or Fanny Rice.

Col. Milliken ought to find no difficulty in selling "Half Seas Over" for road purposes.

Well cast and carefully rehearsed, touched up here and there, it ought to be a go.

"I wish," said George Lessor to me one day, "Doctor Irwin or Dr. Robertson, both friends of the profession, would apply the Elixir of Brown-Sequard to some of our stage people. They need it sadly. Imagine the effect of the elixir on some of the senile beauties who totter round Kiralfy! Imagine how the girls in the choruses of Aronson, McCaull and Duff would profit by it! All of our aged soubrettes, such as Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Annie Pixley, could well have a dose of it. Just make the suggestion."

Klaw and Erlanger produced the "The Great Metropolis" at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last week.

It's a modern realistic melodrama in five acts.

George Jessop and Ben Teal are the guilty authors.

Harry Meredith plays the part of a sailor who has a sister that goes wrong. Annie Mayor is the sister. Jos. Holland is the villain. William Beach is the good young man. C. W. Condoick is the aged parent of Nettie Guion, who is the good young girl.

The dialogue of Mr. Jessop is of the most wearisome, commonplace kind.

The stage carpentry of Mr. Ben Teal is of most modern pattern.

There is a realistic moon, a realistic light-house scene, realistic clouds, realistic waves, a realistic wreck, a realistic life saving scene, a realistic beach and a realistic suicide.

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Ben Teal, on account of these things, was called out, but George Jessop, who only wrote the poor dialogue, was ignored.

Nowadays the stage carpenter is of more moment than the stage wordslinger.

And yet "The Great Metropolis" don't come up to "The County Fair."

It has one good scene in it, and that's all.

We rawn through the rest of it.

Pardon this sudden transition, but I noticed Edwin Booth in a box at the Lyceum Theatre the other night. He watched Sothorn do Lord Chumley with great interest.

Old man Sothorn, by the way, wanted to christen young Sothorn "Edwin Booth," but at the last moment the tragedian declined the then dubious honor. Some friend came to Booth and warned him that if he allowed that kid to have his great name hitched on to him it might handicap the youngster for life. So Booth asked to be excused. Booth looks aged and worn. He kept chewing something during most of the performance. I do not know whether it was tobacco or gum. Booth always is chewing at something. I once saw him whisk a peanut shell from his upper lip when he played the melancholy prince of Denmark.

Frank Lawton, who made the hit of the Burr McIntosh benefit by his clever fantastic work with the bones, used to be with Sol Smith Russell, and speaks in the highest terms of that sympathetic comedian.

George W. Lederer is delighted with the success of the "Herman Trans-Atlantique Ya Deville" and can be seen promenading up Broadway with a new dancing girl, a new smile, or a new cravat every other day.

Tom "Stowaway" Davis sends me favorable reports concerning the health of his pet burglars.

They read tracts daily, and Davis is afraid they'll reform and quit the business.

Dan Mason, in his new play, "A Clean Sweep," made a big hit at the Lyceum Theatre, Brooklyn, recently.

I saw George Fawcett Rowe a few days before he died. The author of "Pop" and "Brass" was a bent, feeble, tottering old man, but he talked of women, pleasure, prospects all the same. The ex-husband of Kate Girard was sadly changed. Had Richard Mansfield come into the Lotus Club at that moment and seen Rowe reflected in one of the tall pier glasses of the spacious reception room he would have shrunk from the counterfeit presentment as a ghost of his own inimitable Baron de Chevalier.

E. D. Price, who is Mansfield's brainy manager here now, strolls our fashionable thoroughfare accompanied by a fine specimen of a dog just sent him by Kate Vaughn from London.

Dave Conroy, as the Irish Policeman in "Under the Lash," made a decided hit in Syracuse, N. Y., recently, where he opened the season to big business.

Francis Wilson had better not have his picture painted by Elma Dolaro. She might not flatter him.

Lillie Alliston and Lena Merville, when in town, dine together every Saturday. I'll bet they bone and dissect some of their colleagues' characters as well as chicken and turkey.

Edwin Atwell has produced his "Stuffed Dog" at Long Branch, Asbury Park and other places, and they say it's a success. Johnny Macley, I am told, did especially well. The modern dramatic workshop judging by the titles of plays, is getting to be a sort of menagerie. We have "A Brass Monkey," "A Texas Steer," "A Singed Cat," and now we have "A Stuffed Dog."

"These modern plays are no good," said Bloke to me the other day. "In the palmy days, now--"

I interrupted him and asked him to have one with me.

What then took place has been immortalized by the poet.

When I led him to the bar a social glass to drain, He borrowed half a dollar which I never saw again.

'Twas in the blazing Bowery; I think I see him now, As he collars my half dollar with a condescending bow.

He told of Forrest's jealousy of his superior powers, And how his rivalry had given Salvini anxious hours; He scowled at Larry Barrett's name--he called it Brannigan-- And told how he and Booth had drank their beer from the same can.

And all the while, with haughty smile, methinks I still can see Him working at the free lunch bar in the bully Bowery.

He laughed in scorn at the idea of Mansfield's Richard Third, And called Tom Keene's pretensions to tragedy quite absurd; Bob Downing was a butcher boy and Louis James a tough, While, as for Henry Irving, he considered him a stuff.

And as he gnawed a pig's foot he frowned most fearfully, And spat the bones, in proud disdain, out in the Bowery.

ROSEN.

CHIRPY KITTY WELLS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Kitty Wells is one of the prettiest and most accomplished of our latter day actresses. She is now one of the leading lights of the Howard Burlesque Co., which is travelling around the country under the management of T. E. Misco. We give a striking likeness of this pleasant-faced actress on another page.

SCRIBE COLLINS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of A. Collins, the well-known horseman and trotting horse owner. Mr. A. Collins is also the secretary of the Rochester Trotting Club of Rochester, N. Y., and is well known parts of the country.

SHERIFF BEAUCHAMP WANTS HIM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Robertson is the man who foully murdered Van Hester of Charleston, Mississippi county, Mo., and then escaped. Sheriff Beauchamp of the county will pay \$100 for the arrest of Robertson.

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SEARLE WINS.

O'Connor Loses the Big Thames Race to the Australian.

THE EXCITEMENT UNBOUNDED.

The Canadian Slightly Handicapped and Searle the Favorite.

THE RIVER BANKS THROGGED

The World Championship, \$5,000 and the Police Gazette Cup to the Victor.

THE RECORDS OF THE TWO MEN.

The Winners of the Championship for Fifty-One Years.

SEPT. 9, 1838; SEPT. 9, 1889.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.]

LONDON, September 9.—The race has been rowed and won; rowed and lost, and Searle is the victor. The historic Thames from Putney to Mortlake and far beyond in both directions was an excited sea of enthusiastic humanity long before the time for the race and another notch had been put in the sporting hatchet of Time.

Up to yesterday Henry Ernest Searle, the Australian was the favorite, although William O'Connor had his backers, who, with their money and vociferations, were willing to take in any little wagers that might be floating about.

The distance was four miles and three furlongs, and the stakes were £1,000 (\$5,000 U. S. money), the "Police Gazette" champion cup and the championship of the world.

The highest brand of excitement reigned here this morning when everything was in readiness for the start.

The betting was at first very strongly in favor of Searle, as the crowds of sporting men began to arrive reaching odds of 15 to 10, but this was gradually lessened to even money, and the uncertainty of the "knowing" men was remarkable.

O'Connor was unfortunate in two particulars. Unlike Searle, he was almost entirely unused to tide water, and, notwithstanding the fact that there was not much of this to contend against, it ran at nearly three miles an hour. Another thing claimed to act as a handicap against O'Connor was that he was not accustomed to start by mutual consent of himself and his opponent. He was gradually gotten away at the word "go," or at the notification of a pistol shot.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks the race was a splendid one and can be truthfully said to have been on its merits.

Both the champions were in splendid trim. O'Connor tipped the beam at 162 pounds, while Searle weighed 163. In all preliminary sports on the river it seemed an even thing which should turn out the best man to-day.

From Canada heavy purses were cabled on O'Connor, while the Australians here have put up in £5,000 chunks. Spencer Brothers, of Australia, placed £10,000 on Searle, and others socked their money on their favorite with equal avidity.

When the men finally started off the interest was unbounded. O'Connor had a slight lead, and at Hammersmith Bridge, one mile and three-quarters from the start, Searle led by two lengths. He had won the toss for position, and took the Surrey side of the river. This, of course, gave him another advantage.

While the two men were gradually getting there, O'Connor's appearance was in marked contrast to the slowness of the Australian, but this did not count, for, when Searle finally came in ahead, he was six lengths in advance of O'Connor, having won in 22 minutes and 42 seconds.

Henry E. Searle, who is now champion sculler of the world, was an unknown man a few years back. His rapid ascent to the highest aquatic fame is unparalleled in the history of rowing, and shows that Australia has more than one doughty champion to sustain her reputation as the mother of mighty oarsmen. As a native of Grafton, Henry Searle has become known as the Clarence River sculler. He was born on July 14, 1838, and when but a mere boy rowed to and from school twice a day, the distance being three miles each way. As in every art, early training in sculling is productive of splendid results, and no doubt this regular work has been a great factor in making Searle such a great sculler. Searle's first race was on Nov. 9, 1864, at Chatsworth, when he won a race in watermen's skiffs. In May of the following year he won the light skiff race at Harwood, and on the same day he, with J. Fisher, pulled off a double-scutt race in watermen's skiffs. His next race was at Harwood in 1868, when he

won a light skiff race over a three-mile course, but he was defeated the same day by Wallace over a mile course. In the following April he won a light skiff race at Chatsworth, but was beaten in skiffs by Wallace two days after at Lambra. Searle, who was carrying 10 pounds, was second. Subsequently he beat M. Wallace, A. Baer and G. Baker, the weights being—Searle, 16 pounds; M. Wallace, 10 pounds; A. Baker, 10 pounds, and G.

is well known, took Searle in hand, and such fine form did the young fellow show when training that when Kemp for the second time defeated Hanlan, Matterson accepted the challenge which Mr. Smart, Kemp's backer, threw out to row any man in the world. Mr. Smart, flushed with Kemp's brilliant victory, offered to meet any man for £500, £1,000 or £5,000 a side. The sensation which followed will not readily be forgotten by the crowd which had assembled to do Kemp honor.



THE START AT PUTNEY.

Baker, feather. In the following July he again won from Wallace in a private match in light skiffs. He was then matched against S. Davis over a two-miles and three-quarters course, and won again. In November of the same year he was defeated at Palmer's Island by A. Baker, who carried 8 pounds, Searle being second with 12 pounds, Wallace third with 7 pounds, and J. Read, the feather-weight, fourth. In April, 1867, Searle contested in a handicap time allowance race, in which he had 20 seconds start from the scratch man and won. November, 1867, he passed the post first in a light skiff race at Chatsworth, with a handicap of 35 pounds. Searle's next performance was on January 2, 1868, when he beat Chris. Neilson, who gave him three

Matterson, without a moment's hesitation, accepted for Searle the challenge for the largest amount, and, what was more, deposited the notes on the spot. Before final arrangements were made Kemp's people got a bit frightened, and induced Searle to reduce the stake to £500. Both men went into hard training, Neilson and Beach looking after Kemp, while Fern and Matterson had charge of Searle. As the day of the race grew on space the money began to go on Searle, and it soon leaked out that that sculler had done some wonderful trials. Kemp was also in the pink of condition, and was fairly confident. The betting was even money that Searle would lead at the first mile, and 6 to 7 to 4 on him for the finish. The race, which was rowed



SEARLE LEADS AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

lengths and a half start, and Hearn, the champion of New Zealand, who gave him two lengths and a half start. This was at the Clarence River Aquatic Carnival, and was Searle's first attempt in outriggers, and his performances caused general surprise. Neil Matterson then took him in hand, and brought Searle to Sydney. His first match was with Julius Wulf on June 16, over the championship course, for £100 a side, and Searle won easily. Searle then met Stansbury, the Shoalhaven sculler, for £100 a side, over the Parramatta championship course. The race was rowed on July 13, and, after a splendid race, Searle won, breaking all previous records over the course, his time being 19 minutes 53 1/4 seconds. On September 14 he gave

over the usual Parramatta course, Oct. 27, 1868, Searle won easily by thirty lengths, rowing the course in 22 minutes 44 1/4 seconds.

William O'Connor, the champion oarsman of America and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, first came to the notice of the public at the Lachine regatta in 1882. He was then rowing double-scutt, with Enright, of the Don Club of Toronto, of which he was a member. At the Lachine regatta O'Connor and Enright competed in the double scull invigorized race, in which they were beaten by R. and J. Lang. In the following year they captured the double invigorized race at the Ottawa regatta, but were beaten by Buckley and O'Connell of Portland, Me., in the



AT BARNES BRIDGE.

Neilson a hollow beating. On October 5 Searle met Hughes on the Hunter river, giving him a start of 10 seconds, and won with the greatest ease. Searle is 5 feet 10 inches high, and measures 41 1/2 inches round the chest. His rowing weight is 150 pounds.

Aquatic men at once saw in Searle the material which thoroughly developed would give New South Wales a strong lien on the sculling race. Neil Matterson, who

double-scutt. It was at this regatta that O'Connor first won a race in a shell, securing the junior singles in 9:10. In 1884 he and Enright won the double-scutt championship both of Canada and the United States, and in 1885 he won the senior singles at the Hamilton regatta. He and Enright were subsequently disqualified by the National Association, forcing the pair into the professional ranks, where they made their debut

in a double-scutt race, which they lost, for \$1,000 a side, against Hosmer and McKay in 1888 at Worcester.

In the same year O'Connor defeated Stone of Minneapolis—his first professional race in a shell—for \$1,000 a side, and also participated in the Erie, Pa., regatta, when he was beaten in the final heat. In 1887 he was matched to row Ross on Bowery Bay for \$1,000 a side, but the New Brunswicker faked, and O'Connor rowed over the course alone. His second race that year was with Hamm on Toronto Bay, beating him in a three-mile race in 20:16, for \$1,000 a side. This has been the eventful year of O'Connor's career. On March 18 last he defeated Peterson at San Francisco in a three-mile race for \$2,000 a side in 20:23, and at the late Sturgeon Point regatta won first money over Gaudaur, Lee and Wise.

At this time John Teemer of McKeesport held the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, which trophy represented the single-scutt championship of America. O'Connor's backers were confident he could outrow any man in the Dominion or the United States, and they authorized O'Connor to challenge Teemer to row for \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup and the championship of America. The match was arranged and was rowed on the Potomac at Washington, D. C., on Nov. 24, 1888. The race created great interest, and thousands were gathered on the result. O'Connor proved himself a wonder, for he rowed right away from Teemer and won easily by ten lengths in 21 minutes 20 seconds.

O'Connor, after his victory, came on to New York, received the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup and then returned to Toronto, where he received a reception in which 50,000 persons turned out to welcome him. O'Connor then went to San Francisco and rowed Jake Gaudaur for \$2,000, the "Police Gazette" cup and the championship, and was again victorious.

It was O'Connor's intention of going to Australia to row Henry Ernest Searle for the "Police Gazette"



SEARLE LEAVING HIS HEADQUARTERS.

champion cup and the championship of the world, but being advised not to make the journey, and being informed that Searle was willing to row on neutral water, O'Connor challenged him to row on the Thames, and later the match was arranged for \$5,000, the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup and the championship of the world.

As yet Trickett has held the championship for the longest period, as the title remained his for four years three months and sixteen days. Hanlan held it for four years two months and sixteen days, Beach for three years three months and ten days, and Kemp for eleven months and one day.

WINNERS OF THE AQUATIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Year	Competitors	Course	Time
1838 Sept. 9	C. Campbell beat C. Williams	W to P	22:42
1838 Nov. 1	C. Campbell beat R. Coombes	W to P	22:42
1846 Aug. 19	R. Coombes beat C. Campbell	P to M	22:42
1847 Sept. 29	R. Coombes beat R. Newell	P to M	22:42
1851 May 7	R. Coombes beat T. Mackinney	P to M	22:42
1852 May 24	T. Cole beat R. Coombes	P to M	22:42
1853 Oct. 14	T. Cole beat R. Coombes	P to M	22:42
1854 Nov. 20	J. A. Messenger beat T. Cole	P to M	22:42
1857 May 12	H. Kelley beat J. Messenger	P to M	22:42
1858 Sept. 29	R. Chambers beat H. Kelley	P to M	22:42
1859 Sept. 18	R. Chambers beat T. White	P to M	22:42
1863 Apr. 14	R. Chambers beat G. W. Emerson	P to M	22:42
1863 Jun. 16	R. Chambers beat R. A. W. Green	P to M	22:42
1865 Aug. 8	H. Kelley beat R. Chambers	P to M	22:42
1866 July 4	H. Kelley beat Hamill	Time	22:42
1866 July 5	H. Kelley beat Hamill	Time	22:42
1866 Nov. 22	R. Chambers beat J. H. Sadler	P to M	22:42
1867 May 6	H. Kelley beat R. Chambers	Time	22:42
1868 Nov. 17	J. Renforth beat H. Kelley	P to M	22:42
1874 Apr. 16	J. H. Sadler beat R. Bagnall	P to M	22:42
1875 Nov. 15	J. H. Sadler beat H. W. Boyd	P to M	22:42
1876 Jun. 27	E. Trickett beat J. H. Sadler	P to M	22:42
1876 A match was made between Trickett and Lumsden, but the latter forfeited.			
1877 June 29	A match was made between Sadler and Higgins for the championship, subject to the former beating Trickett, but after being defeated Sadler forfeited.		
1877 May 28	R. W. Boyd beat J. Higgins	P to M	22:42
1877 Jun. 20	E. Trickett beat M. Rush	Prima	22:42
1877 Oct. 8	J. Higgins beat R. W. Boyd	P to M	22:42
1878 Jan. 14	J. Higgins beat R. W. Boyd	Time	22:42
1878 Jun. 3	J. Higgins beat W. Elliott	P to M	22:42
1878 Sept. 17	W. Elliott beat R. W. Boyd in final heat of race for the challenge cup	P to M	22:42
1879 Feb. 21	W. Elliott beat J. Higgins	Time	22:42
1879 Jun. 16	E. Hanlan beat W. Elliott	Time	22:42
1880 Nov. 16	E. Hanlan beat E. Trickett	P to M	22:42
1881 Feb. 14	E. Hanlan beat E. Laycock	P to M	22:42
1882 Apr. 3	E. Hanlan beat R. W. Boyd	Time	22:42
1882 May 1	E. Hanlan beat E. Trickett	P to M	22:42
1883 July 16	E. Hanlan beat W. Ross	St. Luke	22:42
1884 May 22	E. Hanlan beat E. Laycock	Nepean	22:42
1884 Aug. 16	W. Beach beat E. Hanlan	Prima	22:42
1885 Feb. 8	W. Beach beat T. Clifford	Prima	22:42
1885 Mar. 22	W. Beach beat E. Hanlan	Prima	22:42
1885 Dec. 19	W. Beach beat N. Matterson	Prima	22:42
1886 Sept. 18	W. Beach beat J. Gaudaur	Thames	22:42
1886 Sept. 25	W. Beach beat W. Ross	Prima	22:42
1887 Nov. 22	W. Beach beat E. Hanlan	Nepean	22:42
1888 Feb. 11	P. Kemp beat T. Clifford	Prima	22:42
1888 May 5	P. Kemp beat E. Hanlan	Prima	22:42
1888 Sep. 29	P. Kemp beat E. Hanlan	Prima	22:42
1889 Oct. 27	H. E. Searle beat P. Kemp	Prima	22:42
1889 Sept. 9	H. E. Searle beat Wm. O'Connor	P to M	22:42

PRESIDENT C. J. HAMLIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every one who follows the turf has heard of Mr. C. J. Hamlin, whose photo we publish in this issue. Mr. C. J. Hamlin is a great admirer of trotting, and he is the president of the Buffalo Park Trotting Association.

MANAGER J. H. CURTIN.

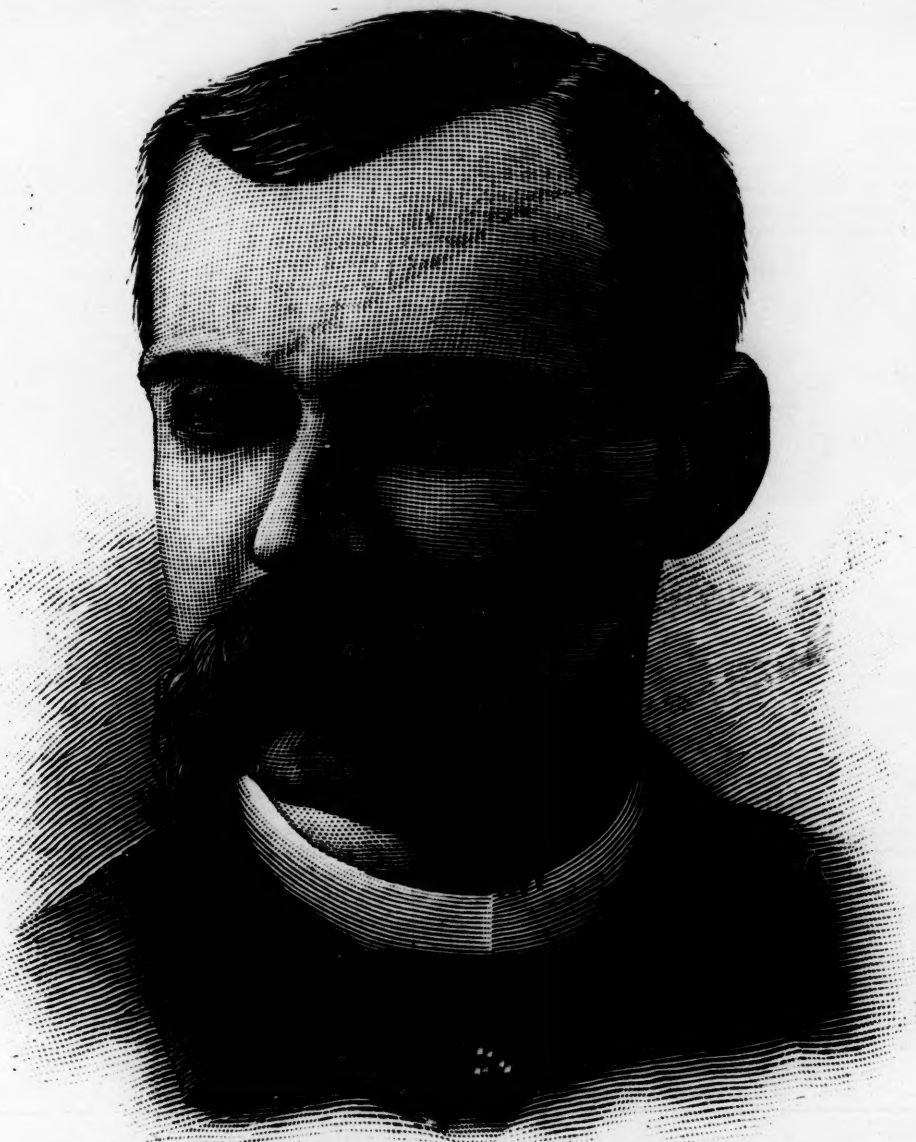
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we present a picture of J. H. Curtin, the genial treasurer of the Olympic Theatre, Harlem. Mr. Curtin is a prominent and jovial member of the theatrical profession and is manager of the Alice Coleman company of "Butterflies."

SECRETARY H. D. MCKENNEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

H. D. McKenney of Chicago is well-known in sporting circles, especially on the trotting turf. He is the secretary of the famous Northwestern Breeders' Association of Chicago.



MANAGER J. H. CURTIN,
THE TREASURER OF THE HARLEM, NEW YORK, OLYMPIC, AND HEAD OF THE
ALICE COLEMAN COMPANY.



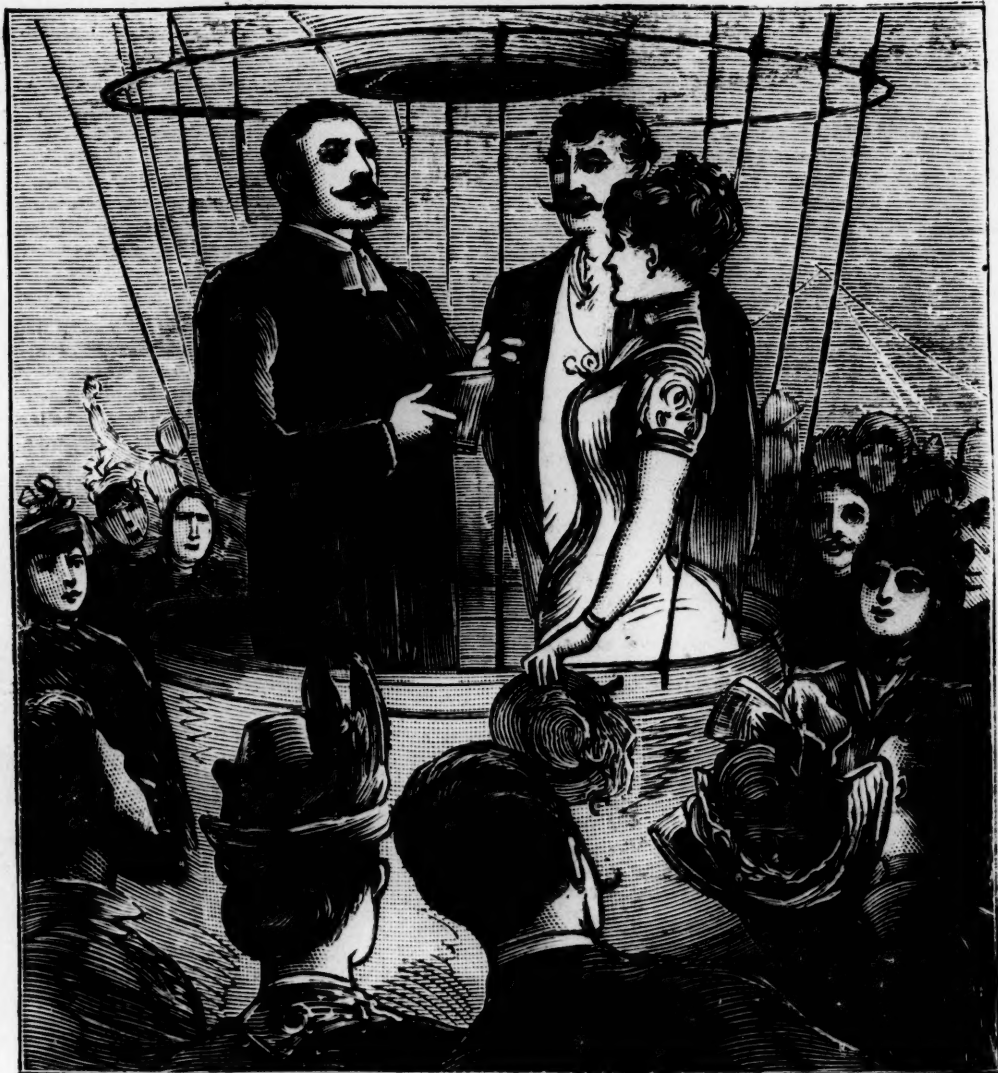
A WEDDING TURNED TO A FUNERAL.
A CHARLESTON, LA., BRIDE-IMPOTANT, ATTIRES HERSELF IN HER NUPTIAL
ROBES AND SUDDENLY FALLS DEAD.



TRIED TO KILL HER HUSBAND.
MRS. HENRY MILLER, OF NEWARK, N. J., SHOOTS AT HER HUSBAND IN THE STREET,
BUT ONLY PUTS A BULLET IN HIS HAT.



CHIRPY KITTY WELLS,
THE PRETTY, BUDDY AND ACCOMPLISHED SOUBRETTE OF THE HOWARD BIG
BURLESQUE COMPANY.

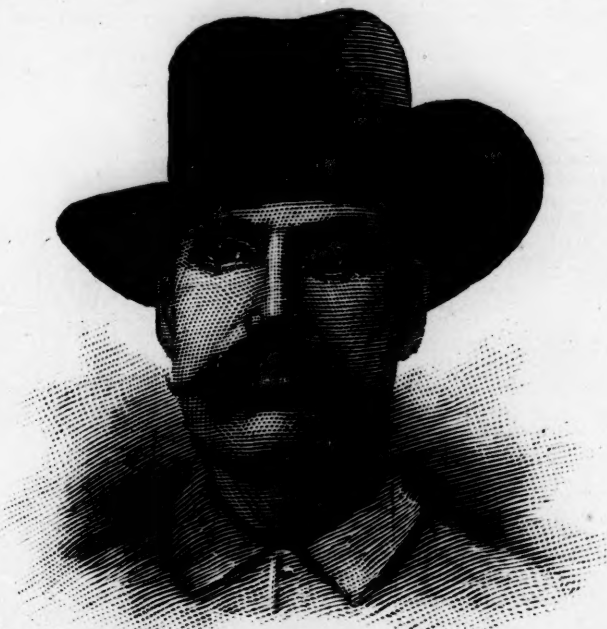


MATCHES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.
BELIEVING IN THE LEGEND TWO MANCHESTER, N. H., LOVERS GET HITCHED AS
NEAR ANGEL-LAND AS POSSIBLE.



ONE OF BELLA STARR'S GANG.

JACK SPANIARD, RECENTLY HANGED IN FORT SMITH, ARK., FOR THE MURDER OF DEPUTY MARSHAL IRWIN.



SHERIFF BEAUCHAMP WANTS HIM.

JOHN ROBERTSON, OF CHARLESTON, MO., WHOSE PRESENCE IS DESIRED FOR THE MURDER OF MR. VAN HESTER.



WILLIE'S WITH THE ANGELS NOW.

A FORT SMITH, ARK., MURDERER, WHO WORKED OFF ANOTHER CITIZEN, WAS WORKED OFF, IN TURN, BY CITIZENS.



A MUNCIE SNAKE STORY

A LOUISIANA CITIZEN'S LAMBS STOLEN BY A MONSTER SERPENT IN SEARCH OF THE ELIXIR OF LIFE, AND WITH NO MONEY TO HIRE BROWN-SQUAD.



MURDERED MRS. LYDIA LYBARGER,

OF KNOX COUNTY, O., WHO CHIDED HER HUSBAND FOR HIS INFAMOUS CONDUCT AND WAS BRUTALLY SHOT.



MURDERER ELIJAH LYBARGER,

THE KNOX COUNTY, O., BRUTE WHO ATTEMPTED TO ASSAULT HIS DAUGHTER, KILLED HIS WIFE AND SUICIDED.



A WALL STREET BROKER'S SUICIDE.

JAMES E. DE MOTT, THROUGH FEAR OF PECUNIARY DISASTER, JUMPS FROM A FERRYBOAT INTO THE EAST RIVER AND IS DROWNED.



EARLY FALL GUNNING.

CITIZENS OF ARMORY, MISS., GO OFF AT HALF COCK AND UNLOAD INTO A PRISONER WHO MAY NOT HAVE BEEN GUILTY.



TWO NEW JERSEY SCOOTERS

JOSIE RANDELL AND JIMMY TUMBLY OF NEWTON LOVE EACH OTHER CLEAR ACROSS THE COUNTY LINE.

AMOROUS EVA.

Mrs. Hamilton Shows Up as
One of the Vilest Con-
spirators on Record.

BABIES BY THE WHOLESALE

Furnished to Provide an Heir for
Her Trapped Husband.

INSPECTOR BYRNES ON DECK.

He Exposes the True Inwardness of
the Conspiracy.

HAMILTON TELLS THE STORY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is an extremely large chance that in addition to being prosecuted for attempted murder in carrying her nurse girl, Mary Ann Donnelly, Mrs. "Robert Ray Hamilton," alias Mann, alias Steele, alias Parsons and alias a half dozen other things, the heroine of the Atlantic City sensation, the facts of which were given in last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, is likely to be brought to the bar of justice on another charge, the penalty for which is ten years in State Prison.

The last exposed crime is that of fraudulently producing an infant as her own for the purpose of deceiving Mr. Hamilton. There is also every probability that the adventuress has been guilty of bigamy, as it is more than possible that she was really married to Joshua, or "Dotty" Mann, with whom she lived prior to inveigling the Murray Hill ex-Assemblyman and millionaire Robert Ray Hamilton into marrying her.

Through the efforts of his wealthy relatives Hamilton's eyes have at last been opened, and he has announced his intention of permitting the law to take its course, even against the vile woman he so dearly loves, if it can be proven that he has been deceived.

Inspector Byrnes will endeavor to prove this latter fact to Mr. Hamilton's satisfaction. Acting under instructions from Mr. Hamilton's relatives, the Inspector, on Tuesday, Sept. 3, took into camp Mrs. Swinton, the baby farmer, and the vagabond "Dotty," her son, as co-conspirators. The well-known squeezing powers of the shrewd Byrnes soon elucidated the true inwardness of one of the most remarkable cases on record from this worthy pair of devils.

It has been claimed that prior to the alleged marriage of Hamilton to the woman the latter had become a mother in Elmira. The child was said to have been born Dec. 17, 1888. About that time Eva lived at Elmira, both at a hotel and a boarding house, with Mann as husband and wife. That the woman was back there at various times is attested by Dr. Burnett Marsh, a physician of twenty-nine years' standing in the place, but he positively denies that she was ever the mother of a child.

All these facts and others were learned there and telegraphed to New York by Detective McNaught, of Byrnes' staff, and the latter lost no time in apprising Mr. Hamilton of what had been gleaned. Mr. Hamilton came on from Atlantic City and put up at the residence of Charles A. Peabody, No. 13 Park avenue. When he had heard all the facts Hamilton said: "The woman is my wife, and as such I shall protect her, but if conspiracy was resorted to and a spurious child palmed off on me, then I am as anxious as any one to hunt down the conspirators and have justice meted out to them."

The same night, and, in fact, the same train that brought Mr. Hamilton to this city also brought "Mother" Swinton and her Joshua, who registered at the St. Charles Hotel, at Broadway and Bleecker street, as "Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown," and occupied the same room. Detectives Hickey and Crowley went to arrest the pair at the St. Charles Sunday night, but they had gone during the afternoon, Mrs. Swinton telling the hotel clerk she would return Monday for any mail that might be left for her. At noon Monday she did come back, remained at the house a few minutes and left, being followed by the detectives. She went direct to No. 335 West Twenty-ninth street, where both she and Mann were stopping, and she was then arrested and taken to Police Headquarters.

Joshua did not make his appearance until five o'clock in the evening. He was heavily drunk and was at once taken into custody by Detective Hickey. Through the usual methods adopted by the Inspector he succeeded in unsealing the lips of his prisoners, and thus from Mrs. Swinton's own confession—drawn out, of course,

by strategy on the part of the shrewd Inspector—the story of treachery is unfolded.

"Nov. 10, 1888," said "Mother" Swinton, "Eva came to me and said: 'I am going to Elmira and shall return Dec. 15. In the meantime I want you to get me a child's costume. Joshua and myself are going and will be back about that time.'"

"What do you want it for," asked Mrs. Swinton. "Oh, there is a friend of Ray's"—meaning Mr. Hamilton—"who has just got a lady into trouble, and when the child is born I want to take it on Ray's account and place it away until such time as I can use it."

Eva came back Dec. 25, Christmas day, and went to Mrs. Swinton's home at Fourth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street, coming to the house at nine o'clock in the morning.

"Have you got those baby clothes?" was her first question.

"Yes, everything except a cloak and cap," replied Mrs. Swinton.

"Well, let's go and get them," and together they went to the Bowery, only stores on that thoroughfare being open on that day. They finally bought the cap in a second-hand store, and Eva said: "You go back home, and I'll go get the baby."

She returned in about three hours, bringing a four or five days' old baby with her wrapped up in a rough, green-striped shawl. That same day Mrs. Swinton secured board at No. 105 East Twenty-eighth street for "Mr. and Mrs. Mann and child," and in the evening Eva, Joshua and the baby came and stayed one week as "Mr. and Mrs. Mann."

Then a flat was rented and furnished at No. 238 East Fourteenth street, and the trio went there to live. A week later the baby was taken sick, and though Dr. Kemp of No. 267 West Twenty-third street was called,



EVA IN A PRISON CELL.

it died a few days later. This child was named "Alice Mann," and was fourteen days old, and died from the want of mother's milk. The death certificate gave the parents' names as George and Alice Mann.

So anxious was Eva to have a child that while the body of the infant still lay in the house unburied she and Mrs. Swinton started out on the hunt, and before long returned with another baby they had bought from a midwife. This child was three days old. At the expiration of the second day it also sickened, and Eva said to Mrs. Swinton: "We must send for a doctor or the child will die; but we can't send for the same doctor, as it would look suspicious."

Dr. Gilbert, of No. 401 West Twenty-third street, was summoned by Mrs. Swinton, who took the baby to her own home, No. 51 East Thirty-first street, where it also died January 14, aged twenty-eight days. This child was called Ethel Parsons. On the death certificate its parents' names were given as Walter and Lydia Parsons, and its death was recorded as occurring from the same cause as the other.

Undertakers Aldert & Adair, of No. 350 Fourth avenue, buried both children and identified Mrs. Swinton at Police Headquarters as the woman who engaged them. While the body of the second child still lay in the house Eva went out and got another baby from a midwife, and laid it down in the same room with the corpse. This waif was of German parentage, dark complexioned and black eyed.

"I can't love this baby," exclaimed Eva. "I couldn't kiss it, and I hate it," as she turned the head from side to side like so much merchandise.

So the next day, after the second baby had been buried, the women bundled the dark-complexioned babe in the cradle, locked the door and went skimming for something "Eva could love and kiss." In this they succeeded by paying \$10 for a pretty little baby, this being the one that was palmed off on Mr. Hamilton as his own offspring.

On coming into the house with No. 4 the sobs and cries of No. 3 infuriated Eva, who ordered Mrs. Swinton to take it back at once, tell the midwife the woman who wanted it was dead; but \$5 had to be paid before it could be left behind, so that really Mr. Hamilton's spurious baby cost \$15.

All this was done to make Hamilton believe he was



PLANNING THE SCHEME.

the father of that child supposed to have been born in Elmira, and with it to induce him to marry Eva. He had seen the first child that died, but not No. 2 or 3, and when No. 4 was a few days older he was again given a chance to see that and made to believe it was

Elegant Colored Cabinet Photographs of Actresses. Size, 4 1/2 x 6 1/2. \$1.50 per dozen. No order received for less than one dozen. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

the same one. In this he was reluctant until Eva burst into tears and passionately cried:

"It is my child—your child, and it has no name. Why don't you marry me?"

Hamilton, thinking he was really the father of the child and that the woman was honest and true to him,



BABY NUMBER ONE.

felt that it was his duty as a man to make her his, especially for the sake of his child, and they were married in a church at Paterson, N. J., Jan. 7, 1889, Edward Dryden, an insurance broker on Broadway, and Mrs. Swinton's brother being the witnesses.

Mrs. Swinton said that during the illness of the first child she told the doctor to try and save its life, as a fortune of \$100,000 for the mother depended on it. She also said that Eva afterward asked Hamilton to take and caress the babe to make him think he was the father. All that time, and for four years prior, as well as after Eva's marriage to Hamilton, Mrs. Swinton said she believed Eva was married to her son Joshua.

In March, 1889, Eva gave Joshua \$2,000, which had been drawn out of the Union Dime Savings Bank, and next day he deposited it there in his own name. April 15 following Joshua drew out the money, and Eva, hearing of it, became angry, went to the bank and declared the money must be paid to her, as Joshua Mann, her husband, was demented and had run away. Just before going to Elmira, Eva gave Joshua \$500. Eva had repeatedly told Mrs. Swinton, after Hamilton had married her, how she had imposed on him, and that the child fraud was resorted to because by will all the family jewels and heirlooms, worth many thousands, formerly belonging to Hamilton's mother, would go to the benefit of his wife, and when she got the jewels



THE KID WAS DUTCH!

she would have plenty of money and would make things hum. For the past two or three years Joshua and Eva have been living at various places as man and wife, and during that time she has given him over \$3,000.

Mann said briefly that he first met Eva several years ago in a house of ill-repute on Thirty-first street, and from there they went to a flat, where they lived a cat-and-dog life. He knew right along of the deception that had been practised upon Hamilton.

While Eva was lying in jail in New Jersey, and while her two conspirators were under arrest in this city, the indefatigable Byrnes was unearthing new evidence against the accused.

When Mrs. Hamilton was arrested for slashing Nurse Donnelly in Atlantic City, there was a certain satchel about the safety of which she was very solicitous, and which she insisted on carrying with her to prison. It was said that it contained Hamilton's will, and the papers in an agreement for separation over which was said to have begun the quarrel between Hamilton and his wife which ended in the stabbing of the Donnelly woman. Afterward it was said that it was not Hamilton's will, but a codicil, or something of that sort, which insured her support if he should die. In the interest in other branches of the matter this will or whatever it was rather dropped out of sight, but the latest developments make it a most important feature.

Inspector Byrnes solemnly and officially informed the reporters that there was not the slightest evidence to prove that the gang intended to murder Hamilton. Then he sent for Mann to be brought into his private room, where so many criminals of all ages have been induced to make a more or less clean breast of it.

"What do you know about a will made by Mr. Hamilton?" was the aim and substance of all the questions that the Inspector put to him, though the language, as may be imagined, covered a good deal more ground.

After awhile Mann gave in and told a story that he said was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The Inspector has little doubt that it is the truth, but as to the other two branches of the affirmation he is not so sure. The substance of it was that, soon after her marriage to Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton showed him a paper which she said was "Ray's will."

Of course, Mann could not remember all its details, but the substance of it was that all of Hamilton's property was left to his daughter, Beatrice, and Mrs. Hamilton was made sole executrix and guardian of the child. If Beatrice died before coming of age the mother was to receive the whole estate. Mann says that Mrs. Hamilton read the will over to him carefully, and that he cannot be mistaken as to its terms. If there were any clauses in it qualifying the bequests in any way or that would have kept Mrs. Hamilton from getting hold of Hamilton's jewels, family plate, and other

estate as soon as he was dead, they were so covered up that Mann didn't recognize them, and neither did Mrs. Hamilton, for she was very jubilant over the possession of the will, and told Josh that she would marry him as soon as Ray was dead. Josh, of course, denies that there was any conspiracy to put Hamilton out of the way involved in this. He says that Mrs. Hamilton told him that Ray was very reckless in riding horseback and might get killed any time. This, he says, is what he supposed she meant in referring to the probability of Hamilton's dying in time for Josh to enjoy his wife and his property. Josh repeated his statements that he had lived with Mrs. Hamilton as her husband almost constantly for several years past, and that he knew she had not borne a child in that time. He said that there had never been any marriage ceremony between them.

After Joshua had been sent down stairs Inspector Byrnes told the reporters again, officially, there was not a particle of evidence to prove that the murder of Hamilton had been contemplated by the conspirators.

Mr. Hamilton himself refused to see any callers except those friends who are assisting him in prosecuting this case. His counsel, Mr. Clarke, when asked if he knew whether the murder of Mr. Hamilton was a part of the plot, thought a while and then asked to be excused from saying anything about that part of the case.

The detectives and the midwife who went to Atlantic City last Wednesday for the purpose of identifying the child there as the Ten Dollar Baby returned Thursday afternoon. When they first went to May's Landing the sheriff was away, and in his absence they were not permitted to look at Mrs. Hamilton. They went there again, however, and the midwife refused to say certainly that Mrs. Hamilton was the woman who accompanied Mrs. Swinton when the Ten Dollar Baby was purchased.

Mrs. Hamilton has fallen away greatly in flesh and is now merely a shadow of her old self. This probably



"IT'S NICE TO BE A FATHER!"

accounts for the midwife's uncertainty, for after her return to this city, when she saw a photograph of Mrs. Hamilton as she was at the time the baby was secured, she recognized it instantly.

The child itself the midwife identified positively as the one Mrs. Swinton had procured. There was a mark on it which she knew, and besides that she remembered it by its ears. On taking the child Mrs. Hamilton had complained because its ears stuck out queerly from its head, and on that account the midwife was sure that Beatrice Hamilton was the same child.

Another bombshell was thrown into the camp of the conspirators on Friday, Aug. 6, when the dupe, Robert Ray Hamilton, came to the front and testified in Special Sessions, in the Tombs, to the truthfulness of the whole story as heretofore given. He acknowledged that he had taken the woman Eva out of a house of ill-fame and that she had bled him freely. Surrounded by his friends, shamefaced and broken down in spirits, Hamilton recounted all the facts of his connection with the adventuress, and after he had finished his strange recital the prisoners, "Josh" and Mrs. Swinton, were committed for the action of the grand jury in default of bail. Mrs. Hamilton's case will be taken into consideration by the New Jersey authorities later.

The full story of this most celebrated case, with the history of the adventures and her many amorous and passionate escapades, is given in detail in "Adventuress



SHE HAMMERED "DOTTY."

Eva; or, the Wiles of a Wicked Woman," published by the POLICE GAZETTE, and which can be had of all news agents.

The story seems more like the fantasy of an over-exhilarated brain, and gives additional proof of the truthfulness of the phrase, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

WILLIE'S WITH THE ANGELS NOW.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page we publish a picture of William Walker, the stalwart young negro murderer, who was hanged at the same time Jack Spaniard was at Fort Smith, Ark. He was convicted of murdering another negro named Calvin Church, and he could offer no excuse for his terrible crime at his trial.

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A BOLD BRIGAND.

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Lower California.

ALWAYS READY WITH HIS GUN

He Carries Off a Pretty Maiden and
Takes Her to the Mountains.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Lower California district, that comprised within the boundary lines of Los Angeles, San Diego and Orange counties, is greatly excited over the escapade of a bandit who is carrying on high jinks in the neighborhood.

About four months ago he was discharged from the State prison at San Quentin, where he had been serving



HE TOOK HIS FANCY.

a seven years' sentence for horse stealing. He is a Mexican, about thirty years of age, named Sylvester Morales. He had been sent up from La Ballona township, Los Angeles county, and was one of the most desperate prisoners ever in the penitentiary. At least half of his seven years' sentence was spent in a dark cell, and the convict received no credit marks during his term. Immediately upon his discharge, Morales went to the New Almaden quicksilver mines, near San Jose, with a partner in crime who had been released from prison about the same time. This partner was Joe Bunch, and the two were ripe for any deed of villainy. They went into a saloon at the mines one Sunday afternoon and engaged in a game of cards, during which they quarrelled over a question as to who should pay for the drinks. Bunch finally paid the score and the men came out of the place, mounted the horses which they had left standing outside, and started to ride away.

Bunch was first in the saddle, and when Morales mounted, his partner started to ride off on a gallop. The Mexican galloped after him, and while his horse was on a dead run drew his revolver and shot Bunch through the stomach. Morales rode on without stopping to see whether the shot had been fatal, and Bunch fell to the road, where he was afterward picked up by some passers by, who nursed him back to life.

Morales rode on for 400 miles in a southerly direction, stealing thirteen good horses on the way and riding them almost to death. He was next heard from on Aug. 15, at his old stamping ground in La Ballona. Here he stole a horse from Senor Refugio Machado, who had raised the outlaw from an infant and had always been his firm friend. The animal was a valuable one, and when Morales learned that it belonged to Machado he sent word to that gentleman that he had not intended to steal his horse and would steal another and return it.

Sheriff Martin Aguirre, Los Angeles county, was notified, and going down to Ballona, lay hidden in Machado's barn three nights, waiting for his man to come. Then the sheriff got tired of waiting, and on the fourth night Morales rode up to the barn and left a horse securely tied.

The next heard from the redoubtable outlaw was on Aug. 20 at San Dieguito, about thirty miles south of San Diego. A Mexican rancher named Jose Morales, who bears the same name, but is no relation to the desperado, lives in the outskirts of that place, and on the day in question was in San Diego on business. Shortly after noon the rancher's adopted daughter, whose name is Nymphia Brown, but who is called Nymphia Morales, was standing in the front door of her father's adobe house, looking out upon the street, when she noticed a dashing caballero, mounted on a fiery black horse, come riding by, and was astonished to see him pull his animal suddenly back upon its haunches and stop and gaze upon her intently. It was the bandit Morales.

He stared at the girl, who is very beautiful, for at least five minutes and then dismounted and led his horse up to the door. Drawing a six-shooter, he leveled it at the now thoroughly terrified young woman, compelled her to mount his horse, leaped to the saddle in front of her and the couple rode off. Since that day no one of her friends has set eyes on Nymphia Morales. When Jose Morales returned from San Diego he was horrified to learn of the abduction of his daughter, and a party was at once organized to go in

pursuit. Since that time there has been no let up in the hot chase after the outlaw, and Morales has known no check in his career of crime.

Two members of the party sent out to rescue the girl overtook the couple at San Juan Capistrano, in the extreme southwestern corner of Orange county, coming upon them eating dinner in the house of a friend of Morales. The pursuers saw a black horse tied in front



HE MURDERS HIS FRIEND.

of this friend's house, and walked boldly in, intending to effect the capture. Morales saw them coming, however, and was too quick for them. When they entered the room he had each of them covered with a six-shooter, and any attempt to arrest him was out of the question. One of the pursuers simply asked for a light for his cigarette, remarking that he was a friend, and not an enemy. He received what he asked for and withdrew.

The pursuers, when they went away, took the outlaw's horse with them, and while they were going out the front door Morales and the girl walked out of the back door, went up a little hill and disappeared in some dense brush.

The following Sunday morning the residents of San Juan Capistrano were horrified to learn that a wealthy rancher named Henry Charles, living about four miles from that place, in the mountains, had been shot down in the night while attempting to prevent a thief from stealing some of his horses. Charles heard a noise in the corral about midnight, and upon going to investigate, was received upon entering the gate with a pistol shot which took effect in the groin, and he died within a few hours. He fell at the gate of the corral, and Sylvester Morales and the abducted girl, well mounted, rode over his prostrate body and away into the mountains.

This cold-blooded murder aroused the whole county, and the officers of Orange county started with a large posse after the desperado. The party chased him up Santiago Canon, near the town of Santa Ana, and while they were not more than 300 yards behind him, Morales met a man riding a spirited horse and wearing a gold watch, whom he deliberately shot, taking the horse and watch.

A little further up the canon Morales met a Mexican sheep herder, whom he knew, and whom he told that he would never be taken alive. He said also that he



LOVE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

knew that he was being pursued, and that he would make some officers bite the dust before he was taken. At that time the bandit was armed with two revolvers, a Winchester rifle and several large knives, and the girl seemed frightened and almost weaned to death. Morales then spurred the horses ahead, compelling the girl to follow, and that night, while the officers were still searching for him in the same neighborhood, he rode completely around the city of Los Angeles, reappearing at the little town of Newhall, sixty miles distant, the next morning. He could have got clear away at this time, but he seemed to have wanted to amuse himself at the expense of the officers, for he stole a fresh horse that night from a ranch in San Franciscoquito canon, and then appeared again near Santa Ana and robbed a drummer, who was riding down Santiago canon, of several hundred dollars.

Thursday night of week before last City Marshal



HE CATTERS THE POSSE.

Insley, of Santa Ana, received word that the outlaw had taken refuge with the girl in the house of a Spanish family named Para, near the head of the Santiago canon, and he left Santa Ana at midnight with a posse. By daylight on Friday the house was surrounded, and the posse advanced, expecting to get the outlaw. The expectation was vain. Morales had probably

Life and battles of John L. Sullivan, Jake Kilrain, Jack Dempsey and Tom Sayers. All handsomely illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

heard of their coming, for he was not there, and the Para family said he had not been there. Then the posse divided and made thorough search of the hills in that vicinity, but as yet have found no trace of their man, although a Spanish sheep herder told them that the outlaw had hidden the girl, and would play with them alone. The pursuit has been kept up, but without avail, and Sheriff Aguirre, of Los Angeles county, the most noted capturer of criminals in Southern California, and a perfectly fearless officer, has taken the field to aid the Orange county men.

Aguirre will endeavor to trap the desperado. Morales is well armed and desperate, and every Mexican in the country, through fear or friendship, will shield him. He has four hiding places, one in Santiago canon, one at La Ballona, twelve miles south of Los Angeles; one at Malaga, fourteen miles north of La Ballona, and the fourth at Pedro Lopez's ranch, near Newhall. Going from one of these places to the other he makes a complete circuit of the city, stealing horses as he wants them on the way, and having friends every few miles who will shield him. The only possible way to catch him is by ambush somewhere on the road. The whole country hereabouts is



HIS GUN ALWAYS READY.

terrorized by the outlaw, farmers being afraid to go out of their houses after night, and even residents of the suburbs are alarmed. Morales will probably commit several other murders before he is finally captured, as he has sworn to kill Sheriff Aguirre.

MINUS THE BARREL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Carlisle Graham's alleged feat of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel appears to have inspired suicides to do the act minus the barrel, and a rich crop of this brand of suicide is anticipated. A supposed Brooklyn, N. Y., woman arrived at Niagara Falls recently and put up at the Spencer House. She registered her name as "Mrs. Lawrence" and looked about 25 years old. The next day she paid her bill at the hotel and went down to Prospect Park. After walking around for some time she went to the edge of the Park and deliberately threw her parasol and pocketbook into the rapids below, and then jumped in herself. There was a large crowd around who watched the woman float on toward the falls and finally dash head first into the water below and float to her death. Her naked body was afterward seen floating in the water, but it has not yet been recovered, and parts of her clothes, which the water must have torn off, have floated ashore. A. H. Rogers, of Binghamton, N. Y., says that the woman was his affianced bride and that her name was Mead.

A WEDDING TURNED TO A FUNERAL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Near Bower Springs, La., there was to have been a wedding recently, but it proved to be a funeral. The daughter of Col. John McFadden had met Mr. Edward Smelt, of Charleston, at Tallulah in the early summer. The couple soon became lovers, and the young lady returned home before the season was out to prepare for her wedding. Her father, who is one of the leading planters of Cobb county, resolved to make the wedding a grand social occasion. The bridal trousseau was ordered from New York, and young ladies were present from several States to act as bridesmaids. On the night in question the bride expectant arrayed herself in her robes for the inspection of her friends. For a few moments the greatest hilarity existed, when suddenly Miss McFadden put her hand to her forehead with a scream and fell to the floor. She was dead. The body, arrayed as it was for the wedding, was laid out for burial, and when Mr. Smelt rode up he found that he was at a funeral instead of a wedding.

A MUNCIE SNAKE STORY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For several days past Captain W. A. McClellan, a farmer residing four miles north of Muncie, Ind., has been missing a number of young lambs. The theft was at first attributed to a number of old gray-haired men, who were supposed to have killed the lambs in order that they might be made young again through the elixir-of-life process. This theory was allayed on the morning mentioned by the discovery of a huge snake that measured seventeen feet in length, and through the thickest part of its body measured eleven inches. After a terrible fight the snake was killed. It is supposed the reptile killed the lambs. An autopsy will be held to determine the matter.

MATCHES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Joseph F. Boyd and Miss Addie S. Brooks, both of Manchester, N. H., were married in a balloon at the Fair Grounds recently. Hon. Hiram D. Upton, in the presence of the assembled thousands, performed the ceremony after the Episcopal form. Immediately after the ceremony the party, including H. F. Norris, of the Manchester Union, seated themselves in the basket and the balloon slowly arose, amid loud cheers. The party ascended to the height of about 500 feet, and after sailing about a mile to the eastward, the balloon slowly descended, and the bride and groom and Mr. Norris were safely landed.

TWO NEW JERSEY SCOOTERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Josie Randall, a daughter of James W. Randall, of Newton, N. J., is sixteen years old, plump and pretty. Recently she got \$92 from her father without his knowing it and eloped with James Tumbly, her 22-year-old beau, who lived in Newton. Mr. Randall, on learning that the couple bought tickets for Newark,

sent Constable John T. Wheeler and two young men to that city to endeavor to capture Josie, her lover and the money. The constable failed to find the couple in Newark, and concluded that they had gone on to Hoboken after a brief stay in Newark. His search was unavailing there, and he concluded that Tumbly and the girl were hidden somewhere in this city. Josie was conspicuous in a red hat and red feather and a short dress having large white flowers on a groundwork of dark blue.

A MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPION.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Thomas Gallagher, the well-known pugilist and sporting man of Minneapolis, Minn. He stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height and weighs 145 pounds. He first boxed in public at Minneapolis Grand Opera House with Professor Duplessis, and afterward at the Exposition, in 1888, at Minneapolis, Minn., with Pat William, Patsy Cardiff, P. Clow, Harry Gilmore, Dan Needham, and W. N. Neisenn. He also stopped Frank Brangeman, July 4, 1884, at White Bear Lake, Minn., in two rounds, at tournament given under auspices of the athletic club, diamond pin being prize. Stopped Jack Colwell, heavy-weight, in one round. Gallagher has many friends West.

SHE STRUNG HIM UP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

O. Gould, a stage driver, on the Spring Valley and Lime Springs, Iowa, mail route, has for some time been calling Mrs. Topliff, of Spring Valley, wife names and charging her with keeping a house of ill fame. Recently Gould went into W. J. Hughes meat market, when Mrs. Topliff entered and flung a rope around Gould's neck, she put it over a meat hook and pulled at the end of the rope and tried to hang Gould. When he was black in the face Barber Dave Planty entered and rescued him.

TRIED TO KILL HER HUSBAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Henry Miller, whose husband is a Western Union telegraph operator in Newark, created considerable excitement on Sunday night by shooting at her husband in the street with a 32-calibre pistol. The ball went through Mr. Miller's hat. Mr. Miller told Police Captain Daly that his wife had been sick, and was nervous. She had been absent from home for several hours. He went out to look for her, and met her on her way home. He upbraided her for her absence and she shot at him.

A WALL STREET BROKER'S SUICIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

When the South ferryboat Pacific was entering her slip, on the New York side, a few evenings ago, an elderly gentleman rushed forward, and, after removing his coat and hat, jumped into the river. A life preserver was thrown to him, but he either would not or could not seize it and he sank from sight. From letters left in his pocket it was ascertained that he was Jas. E. De Mott, an ex-Wall street broker, and it is said he has had great domestic and money troubles, which most likely led him to take his own life.

ONE OF BELLA STARR'S GANG.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere we publish a picture of Jack Spaniard, the handsome half-blood Cherokee Indian, who was hanged at Fort Smith, Ark., recently for the murder of Deputy United States Marshal William Irwin, one of the bravest officers in that part of the country. Spaniard was 28 years old, and his only regret was that he could not be shot instead of having to die on the gallows. He was formerly a member of Bella Starr's famous gang of outlaws.

EARLY FALL GUNNING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently a mob of eight or ten men took the keys of the calaboose from the town marshal at Armory, Miss., and took out Thomas Harris, a white man, charged with robbing the store of Stevens & Bailey of that place. When they got the prisoner outside, one of the mob shot him, inflicting a wound from which he died in a few minutes. The mob then dispersed. Harris was a stranger, and the evidence against him was only circumstantial.

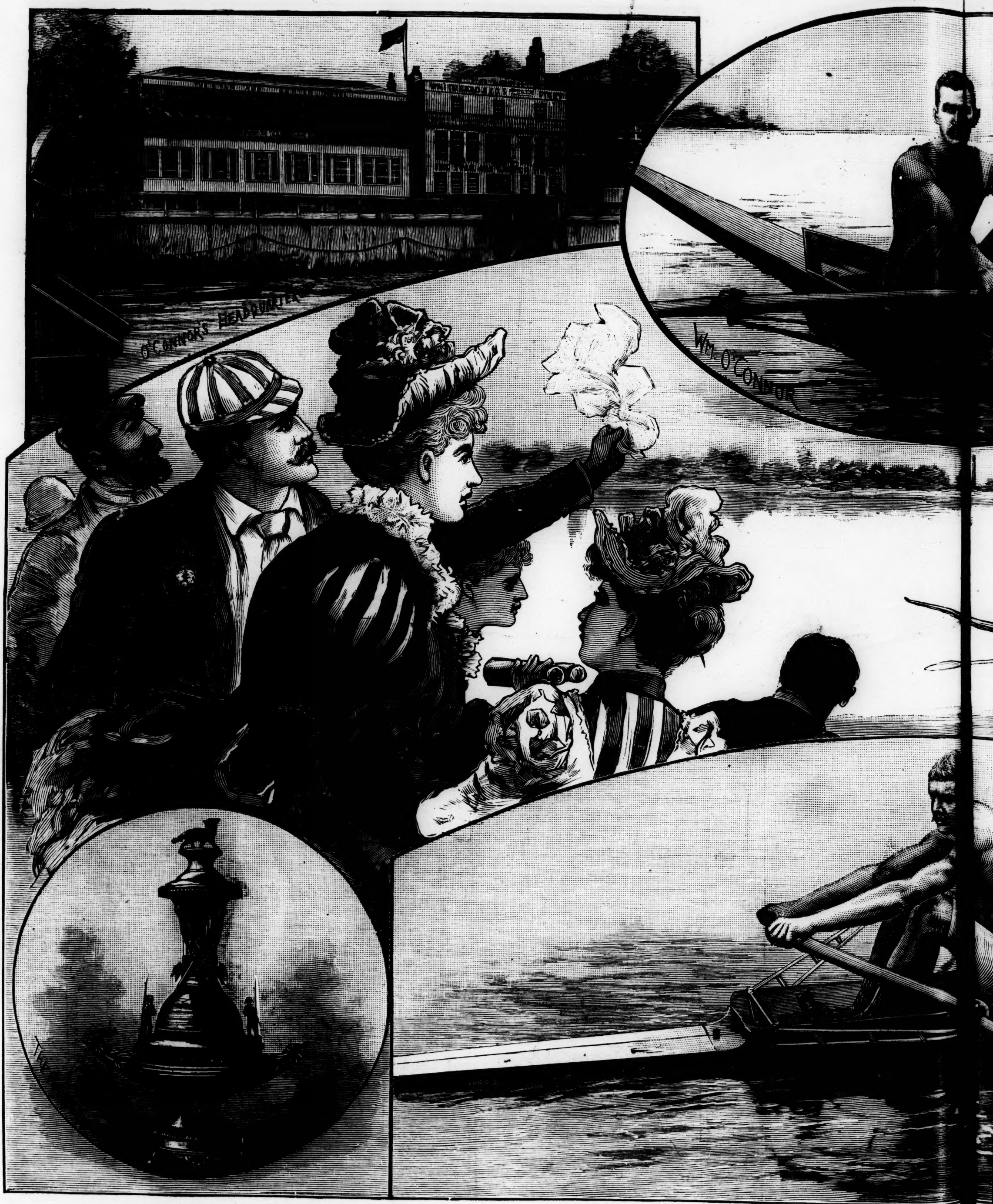
STRUCK A FORTUNE.

A Newspaper Carrier Who Won \$30,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery.

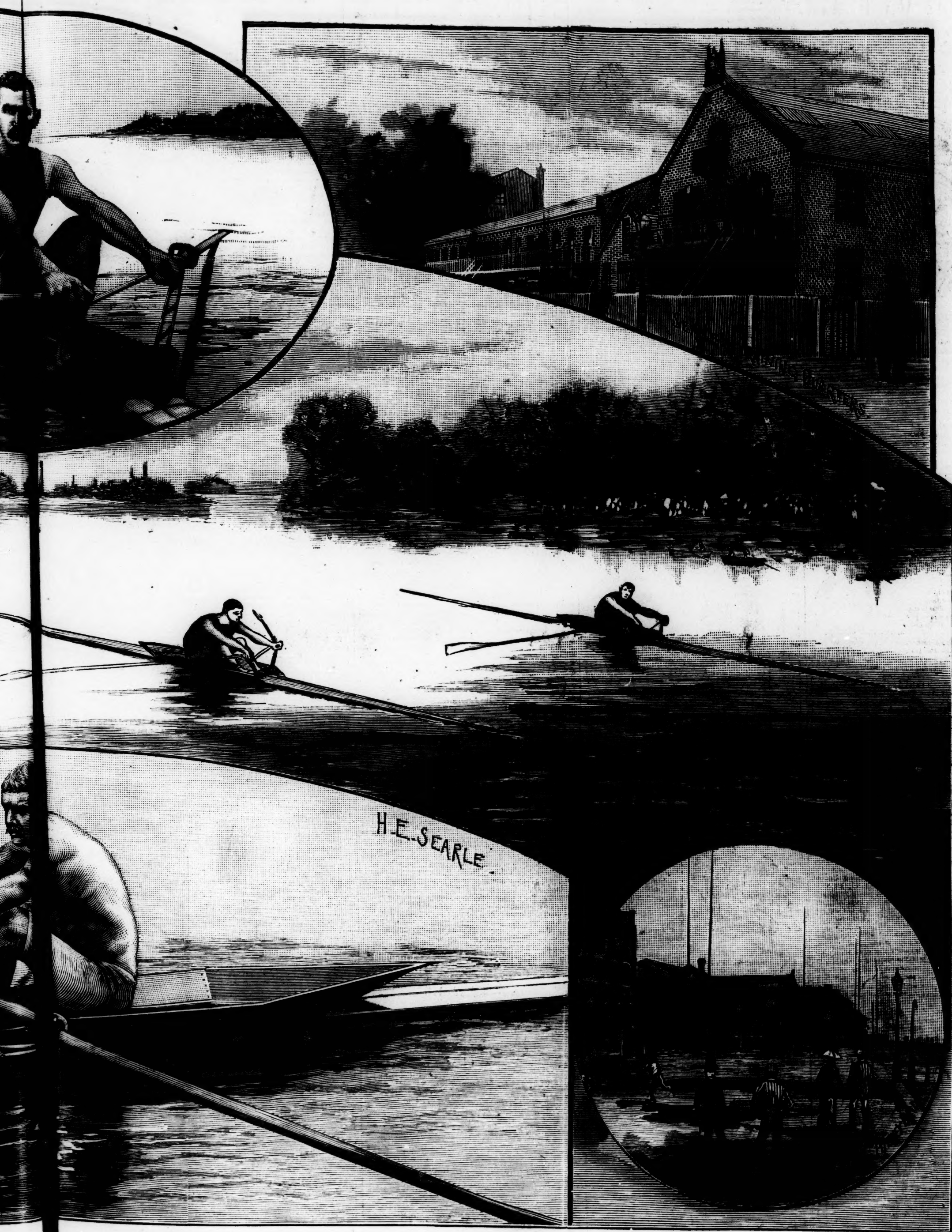
In a neat little brick cottage, at No. 3407 La Salle street, there resides the happiest and snuggest little family of Germans that could be found in many a mile's hunt. It is the home of Charles Meinhardt, his wife and little three-year-old daughter. Only a few months ago, Mr. Meinhardt was in tolerably fair circumstances; now he is what may be called the Jay Gould of West St. Louis. In short, at the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery he held a tenth part of the number 87,835, which drew the capital prize of \$300,000. A *Star-Sayings* reporter called at the residence of Mr. Meinhardt this morning. Mr. Meinhardt was out on some speculation, but his wife met the reporter and said: "We are now a very happy family. We won \$30,000 and every cent of it a few days ago. It was a very lucky thing, and we have only been playing the lottery for about four months. I have been buying all the tickets, but I get them under my husband's name. I bought this lucky one and took \$2 out of his pocket to buy it, and I'm glad I did it now. My husband will continue to carry papers, but he will invest in real estate to a considerable extent. I would like to see somebody else do as well as we. We intend to play a little every now and then."

Two other gentlemen of this city held one-twentieth tickets and each drew \$15,000, one through the Lafayette and the other through the Fourth National Bank. Besides the above luck of St. Louisans, there are many number of people holding numbers for smaller prizes. The heaviest winners at this drawing were all in pretty fair circumstances, and now that they have acquired sudden wealth, intend to have a pretty good time out of it. Two of them are investing in real estate in the West End. Mr. Meinhardt, while still carrying papers, is contemplating a trip to the old country with his family.—*St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Sayings*, Aug. 28.

We desire to call your attention to our great offer on page 2 of Sullivan's and Kilrain's colors. Every saloon keeper and barber in the country can secure these colors by a little exertion. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, N. Y.



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INTERNATIONAL SCULLING RACE.

"CUP" AND THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP, ON THE THAMES, SEPT. 9, 1889.

NO BIBS ON BLAIR.

The Baseball Season Quickly Vanishing into Desuetude.

WEALTHY ST. LOUIS CRANKS.

There is nothing that gives a club more solid satisfaction than to get at a pitcher whom they have tried to secure and could not get and knock him clean out of the box.

What on earth has gotten into the brains? Kid Madden and Dan Brouters were both laid up with the cholera morbus, and the manner in which they were grunting and growling around was a heart-rending sight to behold. It is evident that these two ball tossers have not been accustomed to the style in which the Bostonians take their beans.

The Cincinnati club may want Joe Knight very badly, we have not the slightest doubt, but we know just enough about the management of that club to be convinced that Mr. Knight will remain with the London club, so far as Cincinnati is concerned, as they are not the kind of hairpins that give up \$2,500 for a player's release.

Von der Ahe is a puzzle for all of the baseball magnates. The very player that no one wants and no one can get along with is just the player he seems to want. He took Fred Lewis when no one else would have him, and would doubtless have retained him had it not cost him so much balling him out after each of his apes. Then he took Ramsey, whom Louisville had given up all hopes of rejoining, and now he has taken hold of Jim Davis, whom Baltimore and Kansas City have wrestled with and given up as a bad job.

Blair, of the Hamiltons, though a full-grown man, is still very much of a baby. He does not have to wear bibs any more while on the diamond field. While playing in Rochester recently this gentleman's shallow brain conceived the idea that O'Brien, of the Rochester, was standing too close to the plate. He called Umpire Emale's attention to his discovery. Emale endeavored to convince Blair that he was off his base, and had to threaten to fine him in order to get him to pitch.

He tried his utmost to hit O'Brien in the head with the ball, and O'Brien in return threatened to lay him out with a bat. Blair then gave way to a childish display of perverseness and allowed five runs to be scored unnecessarily. He should be kept in long clothes until he gets old enough to know how to behave himself.

Dave Orr's rheumatism did not stop him from knocking the ball out of the lot, beating the St. Louis club at Columbus Sept. 1 with his home run hit. This is the man the Brooklyn lot go because they thought he was no good, still this very home run drive of his is what took the lead from St. Louis and gave it to Brooklyn.

The Athletics are making it rather lively for the Baltimore to get away with third place in the Association championship race. Paasch tried umpiring in the Atlantic Association, but it did not take him long to discover that he was not umpiring for the Brooklyn club with a Brooklyn crowd watching the game.

Lyons, of the Dayton club, is what is regarded as a very clever young man. He likes to have everything go his way, and gets a trifle provoked when he is crossed. During a game at Mansfield, in the latter part of August, Mr. Nelson, the umpire, made a decision that displeased his lordship, so he kicked, and finding that it did not have the desired effect, he threw the ball at Nelson's head by way of a warning of what was to come, and then he picked up a bat and went at the erring umpire to brush him from off the face of the earth. Fortunately for the poor umpire there were enough of people present to prevent him from being annihilated. He got square, and then turning him over to the police to put into the cooler.

Where is the fellow that frightened us half to death by saying "the Pittsburghs are finishing strong." If the opening of the championship season could only be postponed until about August, or the tail end of the season, or only the games played from that time on be allowed to count the championship table, the Pittsburghs would have pennants for sale? They struck New York, and we shivered, but after doing them up three straight we made up our minds that the proper party to centre our wrath upon was the prophet who wrote this paragraph in a Philadelphia alleged sporting paper. If this is the kind of breaks the editor makes, it is no wonder he is constantly scouring the country begging loans at an extravagant percentage to prevent his paper from going to the wall.

About two-thirds of the people who go to see baseball games think it doesn't hurt a batsman to get hit with a pitched ball, and you will often hear the cranks yell: "Let it hit you." In their great anxiety to see the player reach his base. Now, getting hit with the ball is not the most pleasant sensation a man can experience, and in some cases the result is rather serious. For instance, there is Harry Carey, of the Wheeling club, who has been laid up for the remainder of the season from a blow he received from a swiftly pitched ball.

There never was a time that there was such a close call in the race for the championship of the League and Association at this period of the season.

Kelly has a bug on the Boston club management, and they cannot oust him from the captaincy, no matter how much they may desire to do so.

From the turn things are taking it is very evident that John Sowers is a better ball player than he is a provider, or his wife would hardly be suing for a divorce and making the charges against him that are now in circulation. This brings up that difficult problem to solve, "Is marriage a failure?"

The Boston people are of the opinion that paying big prices for first-class men is money well spent. They have no occasion to regret the large amount of money they spent on their gut-edged

team, as they are getting it back again ten fold through the drawing card their players have proved to be.

Two wealthy baseball cranks of St. Louis are going around with subscription lists and getting every body in town to subscribe something for a fund to be divided among the St. Louis players at the end of the season, after they have won the American Association pennant and the world's championship. They raised \$1,000 in the first four days, and they are in hopes of raising \$4,000 more. The trouble is, however, they are about four years too late in their movement, as the St. Louis club have won the last world's championship series that they will ever win, and there are very grave doubts of whether they will come out ahead of the Brooklyn this year in the Association championship race.

The course of true love never did run smooth. Here the "Mets" have had a big fight among themselves.

Poor old Anson is getting up in years and is not carrying as much steam as he did in his younger days when he used to hit the ball with impunity. He tries hard to stir up the same old fire as of yore, but his efforts are feeble, and the once mighty and powerful giant of the diamond field, though game to the last like Baron Rudiger, is defying death.

Had either the Washington or Indianapolis club played the ball in the early part of the season that they are putting up now it would be a harder job to pick a taller than it is at present to name a winner.

Milton Noyes, of the Macauley (Pa.) club, is now lying in a very critical condition from the effects of being hit in the pit of his stomach by a swiftly pitched ball. This thing of trying to intimidate batsmen by throwing the ball straight at them and hitting them in a dangerous piece of business, and if the baseball magnates don't take the matter in hand and put a stop to it the laws of this country should do so, for it is malicious, and almost equivalent to a cold-blooded attempt to murder.

The baseball season of 1889

is vanishing as though it had wings.

To the victor belong the spoils is certainly a true saying. When a club is playing winning ball the baseball critics boom up the manager of that club until you would imagine he was the only man on earth that knew how to run a club. When misfortune overtakes the team, however, and they lose game after game, they simply pull the stilts from under the man they had raised up among the clouds and let him come down with a dull thud.

Seery has been doing great work for the Indianapolis club this season. In fact, his services are almost indispensable. Still, this is the man Bancroft thought was too light for the team in the early spring. The best of men will make mistakes once in a while. No one man knows it all.

General Dixwell is as big a baseball crank as ever. He follows the Boston club around everywhere they go, and hoots, and howls and yells for Boston until he has all the people on the ground plumb on to him. During the last Boston New York game he entertained about fourteen or fifteen thousand people by the style in which he grunted and growled over every decision. Some of the spectators became real angry, but when he was explained to them that he was only a wealthy, enthusiastic Boston crank they switched their wrath into mirth and joined with the rest of the crowd in kidding and laughing at the general. By the way, the general has promised to give each one of the Boston players a big \$40 arm chair if they win the League championship.

Clarkson had a thumb knocked out of gear recently in Philadelphia, and while the Boston people mourned the New Yorkers rejoiced, with the single exception that they felt disappointed that it had not been of a serious enough nature to lay him up for the remainder of the season.

Since the disbandment of the Jersey City club poor Pitcher Landman has been frozen out, and it is hardly likely that he will get another job this season.

What is the matter with the Cleveland? We have not heard much about them of late. Surely the American Association mouthpiece has not deserted them in their hour of need. It is feared that the editor of *Sporting Life* snubbed so much over this League baby and American Association offspring that they drowned them in the split, according to report.

In Toronto they do their business in great haste. The system, though simply wonderful, is perfection itself. The managers and proprietors of the clubs are only figureheads. The machinery of the club is all worked by the able newspaper writers of the city. They direct and the officers of the club simply see that their instructions are carried out. There is only one instance where the club management have been negligent and failed to carry out instructions, and that was when they were ordered to win the championship of the International Association by the baseball writers. Unfortunately they failed to attend to this vitally important item, and the critics have come down on them like a thunderbolt. It was a great oversight, but, nevertheless, it has proved an unpardonable blunder.

A team of American lady bicyclists sailed for England on the S. S. Germanic, Aug. 28. T. W. Eck, who had a team over there last year, will act as manager. The party consists of the following well-known champions: Miss Louisa Armaingo, Miss Lottie Stanley, Miss Jessie Woods, Miss May Allan and Miss Lillie Williams. They are to visit all the principal cities of Europe, and commencing the second week in October, they will ride a six-days' race, 12 hours per day, against Buffalo Bill's cowboys in Paris, the cowboys to use 25 bronchos and to change them each mile, while the ladies will relieve each other every quarter hour.

The judges selected by W. P. Balch for the great \$10,000 stallion race, to be held at Beacon Park, Boston, September 18, are William Edwards, president of the Cleveland Driving Club, and one of the wealthiest business men in the West; N. G. Babcock, president of the Hornellville, N. Y., Driving Club; George W. Archer, well-known through his connection with the Rochester Driving Club, and David Bonner, who was president of the Fleetwood Park Association for a number of years. The starters will be Mount Morris, 2:19½; Ready Boy, 2:20½; Nelson, 2:15; Pilot Knox, 2:19½; Gold Ring, 2:18; Rahab, 2:20½; Joe Young, 2:19½; Alcione, 2:17½; Bayonne Prince, 2:21½; Brown, 2:18½; Junemont, 2:18½; Granby, 2:19½; and Mulatto, 2:22.

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SULLIVAN'S BENEFIT.

Dempsey to Take Charge of the California Athletic Club Boxers.

THE SMITH-SLAVIN MATCH.

A London cablegram to the "Police Gazette" dated Sept. 7, states: Jim Smith and Frank Slavin, the Australian champion, will be matched to-day to fight with bare knuckles, under London prize ring rules, for the championship of the world, the "Police Gazette" best and £200 a side, Slavin refusing to put up a larger amount of stakes.

The Pollock Club of London has offered £1,200 for an eight-round glove contest between Peter Jackson and Jim. The offer has been accepted, and the contest will come off in the new gymnasium during October. The purse will be divided—£1,000 to winner and £200 to loser. (Signed) ATKINSON.

Jack Hanley of Wilmington, Del., knocked out Ike Farrell in two rounds Sept. 5, winning a purse of \$200.

Jack Carey and Swipes, the Newbury, are to fight to a finish with skin gloves Oct. 1. Tickets for the mill are \$3 each.

Warren Lewis' son, Monte, is training for a fight with one of the feather-weights of this vicinity to come off shortly.

Jack Dempsey will begin giving boxing instructions at the California Athletic Club in two weeks, at a salary of \$250 a month.

Mike Davin knocked out George Tracy at Jersey City, Sept. 5, in 7 rounds. They wore skin gloves, and both were well punished.

Ed McDonald, the Brooklyn light-weight, got a pretty bad whipping from Madden, the letter carrier, at Waterbury, Conn., recently.

Jack Delancey, the Greenpoint lad who went to Frisco with Billy Bacey, is out with a challenge to fight to a finish any 154-pound man of the Coast.

Frank Donovan will challenge the winner of the Chapple Moran-Spider Kelly fight. Donovan will offer a match for the bantam-weight championship and \$250 to \$500 a side.

The invincible Steve Brodie announces that he did the Niagara Falls act recently, and those who know of his love for truth do not doubt his word. There are cynics who intimate that it was a "fake," but they are extremely careful not to express their doubts within Steve's hearing. In any event, the genial Stephen would do well not to try it again, as the vicious and turbulent Falls are no respecter of persons, and have a habit of finally crowding out even so popular a citizen as our famed Borey boy.

Champion John Lawrence Sullivan was given a reception at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening Sept. 9. The occasion was a testimonial benefit which some of his New York admirers had prepared for him, and which was to have taken place some time ago but for the interference of Gov. Lowry's officers. That postponement had doubtless hurt the affair from a financial point of view, and, besides, the king of boxers was opposed to having a reception so soon after the death of his mother, but it was, nevertheless, arranged, and at the last moment John came to this city. The vast auditorium was comfortably filled, and so were the galleries, while in every box sat select parties of athletic admirers from well-known clubs. Quite a number of fashionable ladies sat in the parquet and appeared to enjoy the sport. At least, they cheered all the boxers, while Sullivan's appearance caused them to applaud vigorously. Master of Ceremonies Steve O'Donnell announced in a loud voice a number of lesser lights in the athletic world before the event of the evening took place. Ex-Champion Joe Coburn stepped out and bowed while he got a big cheer. Paddy Lee and Jack Hopper boxed four good rounds; Shattuck and Sheridan gave a theatrical exhibition of lively sparring; William Johnson, the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler, threw Jack Dandy, and several more bouts of the kind followed. Then William Muldoon and Greek George were introduced. The former was given a hearty greeting, and acknowledged it by throwing his wiry opponent in nine minutes, after a magnificent exhibition. It was announced that a match between the men for a big sum would be made.

The last event was a 3-round bout between the Bostonian and his trainer, Mike Cleary. When Sullivan walked out a roar of applause fairly shook the building. So warm was the reception that the big fellow's face lighted up with a grateful smile. Again and again he was cheered, and shouts for a speech rent the air, but he stood, with arms folded, waiting for the tumult to cease before going on with the bout. But the crowd would not let him go on without hearing from him, and with a half-reluctant smile he unfolded his arms and walked down to the footlights. As he approached the orchestra, it could be seen that the champion had been taking care of himself. His skin had that fine, rosy tint indicative of good health. There was considerable flesh above the belt, but it was hard and firm, while his strong, manly face was free from any sign of dissipation. His voice was clear and firm, as he said:

"Gentlemen—or rather ladies and gentlemen—I hardly know what to say. The recent affliction, the death of my mother, has caused me to be somewhat depressed. I am very grateful for the way the people of New York have always been very friendly to me. You are so on this occasion, and I therefore beg to say I am still your humble servant."

Loud cheers followed. He then boxed three friendly rounds with Mike Cleary, showing that he is still a remarkably quick as well as a heavy hitter. The receipts were about \$3,000.

One of the biggest races of the century occurred at Sheephead Bay on Wednesday, Sept. 4, when W. L. Scott's Chas captured \$50,000, the Futurity stakes. It was a most exciting race, and thousands witnessed it. The following is a summary of the race:

The second Futurity, a produce stake for two-year-old foals of 1887, by subscription of \$25 each for mares served in 1886, \$50 each produce of such mares unless declared by July 15, 1888, or for the \$100 unless declared by July 15, 1889, started to pay \$250 additional, all of which shall be divided between the second and third; the C. I. J. C. to add \$10,000, of which \$2,000 and two-thirds of the starting money to the second, and \$1,000 and one-third of the starting money to the third; colts to carry 115 pounds, fillies and geldings 112 pounds; winners of \$3,000 when carrying standard weight for age to carry 3 pounds extra; of two such races, or one of \$5,000, 7 pounds extra; produce of mares or stallions not having produced a winner prior to Jan. 1, 1887 allowed 3 pounds, of both, 5 pounds; maidens allowed 7 pounds; closed Jan. 1, 1887, with 815 entries, of which 234 were void as provided in the full conditions of the race; 174 paid \$25 each, 142 paid \$75 each and—paid \$125 each; three quarters of a mile, straight.

W. L. Scott's ch g Chas, by Rayon d'Or, dam Lilly R., 109 pounds..... Day 1
A. Belmont's ch c St. Carlo, by St. Baise, dam Carina, 122 pounds..... 2
Santa Anita's stable's ch f Sinaloa II., by Grinstead, dam Maggie Emerson, 108 pounds..... Barnes 3
T. J. McGibben's br c Eberlee, by Springbok, dam Edith, 115 pounds..... 4
Santa Anita's stable's ch c Honduras, by Grinstead, dam Jennie B., 123 pounds..... Martin 5
A. Belmont's f Amazon, 109..... A. Taylor 6
W. P. Maxwell's ch c Prince Ponce, 112 pounds, carried 113 pounds..... W. Hayward 7
M. Young's br f Hester Skelter, 105 pounds..... Warwick 8
Bedford & Steele's br c Cameo, 112 pounds..... Winchell 9
Cotton & Boyle's ch c Masterlode, 108 pounds..... Hathaway 10
R. E. Campbell's br c Protection, 124 pounds..... R. Williams 11
E. Brown's br c Prudential Son, 112 pounds..... Allen 12
G. Hearst's br c King Thomas, 108 pounds..... Hamilton 13
F. Mack's ch c Penn P., 112, carried 113 pounds..... I. Murphy 14
Santa Anita's stable's br c Santiago, 112 pounds..... G. Covington 15
F. G. Stanley's br c Onaway, 119 pounds..... Bergen 16
J. Fincus's f Flora Ban, 105 pounds..... Overton 17
W. Lovell's f Marie Lovell, 112 pounds..... Bunn 18
A. Belmont's ch c Padishah, 119 pounds..... Anderson 19
J. G. Greener's ch c Sam Dooey, 108 pounds..... Stoval 20
Empire Stable's br c Favorite, 108, ear 109 pounds..... McCarthy 21
J. A. & A. H. Morris's ch c King's Own, 108 pounds..... Doane 22
J. A. & A. H. Morris's ch c Cayuga, 124 pounds..... F. Littlefield 23

THE BENDOFF-COUPER FIGHT.

An Exciting Mill For the Largest Stakes Ever Fought For.

The POLICE GAZETTE correspondent sends the following particulars of the great prize fight for \$22,500 and gate in New York between Jack Couper, the champion of South Africa, and Wolf Bendoff, of England, which was recently fought, and which battle was for the largest stakes ever fought for. The following is the interesting story:

JOHANNESBURG, South Africa, July 26, 1889. The Couper and Bendoff battle for \$24,500 was fought in an enclosure six miles from this place yesterday. The enclosure, which was 100 feet square, was 11 feet high, and was supposed to have been made stout enough to prevent any undesired inroad if the police should, at the last moment, change their minds and not go to the race course to wait until "the parties" came. Over 500 spectators paid £5 each for admittance, while nearly 2,000 persons paid a lesser sum for tickets.

The combatants having entered the ring, the referee stepped forward and said: "We have assembled here to witness a contest for the championship of South Africa for £4,500, to take place between Wolf Bendoff, of London, and J. R. Couper, of Johannesburg. The selection of officers and all other arrangements have been carried out to the satisfaction of the combatants, and it will only now remain for you, gentlemen, to give us every assistance to carry out this fight in such a way that it will be a credit to Johannesburg in particular and to South Africa in general. I may tell you we have a strong representative press here, and I can only hope that there will be no necessity for these gentlemen to note anything that is unfair. Let us rather give occasion for giving them an opportunity of saying to the world that we in Johannesburg understand and appreciate the meaning of the words 'fair play.' The stakes tonight for to-day are the largest that have ever been fought for in the world. I shall now introduce J. R. Couper, of Johannesburg, and Wolf Bendoff, of London, and I hope the best man will win. Gentlemen, I wish you both luck."

ROUND 1.—Both men sprang up to the scratch, and Bendoff commenced hostilities by catching Couper a swinging left-hand full in the stomach. Couper replied with one at the face. Bendoff lunged forward, and made a heavy drive, but Couper fell. On Bendoff retiring to his corner blood was observed to be trickling from his nose, and at once a mighty shout went up "Couper's drawn first blood."

2.—Couper received a nasty smack on the nose without much retaliation on his part. Bendoff's blows were terrific, and his weight had tremendous effect.

3.—Couper had the first look in, and planted a brower, nimble retreating out of the reach of Bendoff's right hander. Bendoff followed him up, however, and, catching him on the left ribs, knocked him down—the first knock-down blow.

4.—Bendoff again made for the stomach, but Couper ducked, and came up again on his left eye, which he punished badly, the round ending in the little man slipping.

5.—Couper landed with his left on the face, upon which Bendoff hit out with his left; Couper ducked, and Bendoff, not being over strong on his legs, tumbled over him, and the pair rolled in the ring amidst frantic cheers from Couper's backers.

6.—Couper was again to the front with a magnificent stomach-acher, following up with a nasty one from the right on his man's temple. Up to this the fight was considered Bendoff's own, but the Londoner now showed signs of severe punishment, and the betting turned slightly in favor of the local man.

7.—Bendoff forced the fighting, but Couper, watching his opportunity, came in with another facer, and Bendoff's eyes became smaller by degrees. The heavy man replied by a swinging blow from the right. Couper adroitly slipping and avoiding punishment.

8.—On being tapped on the shoulder, Couper went 6. wn. Bendoff crying out, "Down without a blow, again." The referee, on being appealed to, declared no foul.

9.—Bendoff drove his man clean against the ropes, catching him as he came up again with a telling smack. The men closed, but only for a moment, Couper slipping on his left knee, and gravely kissing his hands to his friends, who cheered until they were hoarse.

10.—Bendoff opened with a magnificent hooker, Couper replying with an equally magnificent left-hander, catching his antagonist on the right ear. The little man slipped, and ended the round.

11.—Bendoff laid his whole strength into a left-hander full on to Couper's ribs; but it was no more than a staggerer. Bendoff fought with difficulty, for his eyes were badly pained, whilst Couper was as fresh as air and thoroughly good-tempered.

12.—Bendoff again led, full at Couper's face, but his man ducked and got in splendidly on Bendoff's mouth. The round ended by the newcomer falling over the old champion. Both men were badly punished in this round.

13.—Couper started with another between the eyes. Bendoff ran him round the ring, but failed in his object. Betting was now even.

14.—Couper danced round his man, and got in again, but was sent away with a blow from Bendoff's right, and again slipped near the ropes.

15.—Bendoff was ready for his man; but Couper did a little more jumping and almost immediately planted another nose-ender. Bendoff returned the compliment by a severe blow in the pit of the stomach. Couper showed excellent staying powers, notwithstanding Bendoff's sledge-hammer blows.

16.—Bendoff drove his man clean against the ropes in a twinkling, a fall ending the round.

17.—Couper, having received a tap on his left shoulder, again slipped.

18.—Bendoff tried the upper-cut, but Couper ducked under his left, and planted a fearful blow on the eye. Bendoff replied with a rib rattler from the right, and as Couper slipped he again attempted the up strike.

19.—Couper got well in with his left against Bendoff's nose, but at considerable peril, for he narrowly escaped a knocking down.

20.—Couper, game as ever, watched his opportunity, and brought his right round with tremendous force against Bendoff's cheek bone. From this point the fight was entirely Couper's. Bendoff's eyes were gradually being closed. Odds were offered on Couper, but Bendoff's friends would not take at any price; amidst loud shouts of "Well done, Couper," the unbeaten one again faced his opponent.

21.—Couper got in with a right-hander, which Bendoff palpably did not like, and retired to his corner.

22.—Couper was once again in evidence with his left, receiving in return a sharp one on his ribs.

23.—Couper flinched, and Bendoff's left went harmlessly over his shoulder. Bendoff followed this up with a blow on Couper's left arm, and drove him against the ropes, the little man bringing the round to a close by slipping under the strings.

24.—Not caring for punishment, Couper did his best with his opponent's face, which swelled visibly.

25.—Couper again led off with his left, receiving as he did so a tap on the chest. He smiled as he retired to his second's knee, and his heart and temper were obviously better than Bendoff's. Two to one was now offered on Couper, but there were no takers.

26.—Bendoff went pluckily forward, but only to receive a jaw-breaker from Couper's left, the only blow struck during the round. The giant having retired to his corner, his second threw up the sponge, and the fight terminated with ringing cheers from the crowd for Couper.



JACK COUPER.



WOLF BENDOFF.

DEMPSEY'S DEFEAT.

Causes Which Tended to Make
Le Blanche the Winner,
AS "REFEREE" OPINES.

Dempsey's Waterloo and his crushing defeat by George Le Blanche has been the topic of conversation in sporting circles in all parts of the country for the past two weeks, and Dempsey's admirers, who are legion, offer all kinds of excuses for the champion's overthrow, but none of them change the state of affairs, or will they transfer the \$5,000 Le Blanche won to Dempsey.

Nearly every one makes an excuse for Dempsey's defeat, and many claim it was because Le Blanche committed fouls, others because Dempsey was lighter than Le Blanche, etc.; but, coming right down to plain facts, Dempsey's defeat was owing to the fact that he overrated his fighting abilities while he underrated Le Blanche. Dempsey believed he did not need to go through a severe routine of training, and he said: "Le Blanche is not half the man he was when we fought at Larchmont, N. Y., and I won."

At the time he arranged the match he was so confident that he could wipe the floor with Le Blanche that he did not place any restrictions which would help to give Le Blanche the opportunity to back out, even if the latter had desired to do so.

Over-confidence has lost pugilists, wrestlers, pedestrians and oarsmen many victories, both on the turf, on the water and in the ring. Dempsey was not going to face a man he had never met, one who he did not know his fighting and staying propensities, but he was meeting a man whom he had fought and who he "defeated." But he supposed, which he had no right to do, that the ups and downs Le Blanche had been through had ruined his form, and that Le Blanche did not possess the strength, grit and stamina that he did when they met at Larchmont, N. Y., consequently he did not go through a severe routine of training so necessary at all times when men are to compete on equal terms in trials of strength or skill in which grit, muscle and strength are to decide the question of supremacy.

In my opinion there is no athlete, oarsman, pedestrian, wrestler or pugilist who can contend in any branch of sport, and especially for the championship, at any game unless he prepares himself properly for the great ordeal he has to undergo; and then, when he has been successful, he is bound to meet with reverses and lose the emblem he has won if he permits himself to become lulled with "big head."

Le Blanche's victory over Dempsey does not technically make Le Blanche the champion, because Dempsey and Le Blanche did not battle according to the rules which are to govern all such contests. Le Blanche did not contend at the stipulated weight which governs the middle-weight championship.

In all athletic encounters for the prize ring championships pugilists must battle according to London prize ring rules, and, with the exception of the heavy-weights, all battles must be fought at stipulated weights, and the clause "for the championship" be inserted in the agreement and signed by the contracting parties.

If Dempsey and Le Blanche had fought at 154 pounds, which is the weight limit for pugilists contending for the middle-weight championship, and if London, instead of Queensberry rules, had governed in their battle on August 27, 1889, then Le Blanche would have not only won the \$5,000 purse offered to the victor, but he would have won the title of middle-weight champion of America.

Le Blanche, in his battle with Dempsey, was seven pounds over the middle-weight championship limit, while Dempsey was three pounds under, weighing 151 pounds to Le Blanche's 158 pounds.

If Dempsey had not overestimated his pugilistic abilities and had given Le Blanche the credit of being a first-class middle-weight he would have insisted that the battle should have been fought at weight, and then Le Blanche would not have had seven pounds the advantage, but he was so confident of being able to outlast his opponent that, in his eagerness to rally a match, he allowed his vanity to exceed his discretion and signed a contract in which the conditions gave his opponent a decided advantage. In horse racing, dog fighting, and in glove contests the extra weight is a great advantage, more especially when science and pluck are equally balanced.

On the other hand, Dempsey needed strength and stamina after the battle lasted one hour and a half, and if he had the extra seven pounds in weight Le Blanche had the advantage of height, he might have been able to cope more successfully with his sturdy conqueror. In regard to the fact that the gloves were too large and that if they had been smaller Dempsey would have won there is a question.

Both used four-ounce gloves, and, to use a racing phrase, they were "equally rigged," and the only difference was that Le Blanche had trained to the hour; he possessed more strength, his blows were delivered with more effect than Dempsey's, and, physically, he was more muscular and had more stamina than his opponent.

Millions of the readers of the "Police Gazette" have heard of Frank P. Slavin, the heavy-weight champion of Australia, but few have read a condensed history of this famous pugilist, who is now matched to fight Jim Smith, the champion of England, for \$400 and the championship of the world; and, as a matter of news and interest, I here give a sketch of Slavin, which will be read with interest, I have no doubt.

When a youth he was apprenticed to a blacksmith, but pitched in for the more roving and sensational life of a digger. It is needless to state he did not strike the big Bonanza, otherwise he would not now be disputing anyone's right to the championship of Australia. Slavin first started in the athletic line as a pedestrian, and as a walker performed remarkably well. Finding it was slow work to amass at this business, Slavin turned his attention to boxing.

He left New South Wales in 1885 for Queensland, settling in Charters Towers. His first fight of any note came off by Foley as instructor for six months, during which time he knocked Billy Bligh out in 1 round, for £10 a side. Bligh, weighing 16 stone; afterwards beat Tom Taylor, who was Jackson's best pupil, in 1 round and a half, for £10 a side. He was next matched against Peter Jackson, for £200 a side and the championship, but his backers drew out after the articles were drawn up. Slavin then bested Fogarty in 3 rounds, for £10 a side, and beat Mike Dooley in 8 rounds, for £50 a side. Fought a draw with Costello after 2 hours and a quarter, for £50 a side, and afterwards matched again against Costello for £100 a side, Costello forfeiting £50 deposit.

Then Slavin undertook to stop Costello in 6 rounds for £25 a side, which he failed to do. Costello fought in

much better form than on the previous occasion, and according to the report there was little to choose between the two men at the finish. Slavin was then matched against Peter Jackson for 8 rounds for £50 a side, but through severely spraining his wrist on the previous Saturday with Costello, he could not go on with the match, and had to forfeit. Slavin afterwards best Laing (heavy-weight champion of New Zealand) after a good contest. His last, an important match, was with Jack Burke (Irish Lad) at the Hibernian Hall, Melbourne. Burke had a big record, having won about forty battles and fought draws with Charlie Mitchell and Jake Kilrain. Slavin undertook to stop Burke in 6 rounds—a seemingly impossible performance, but he knocked him out in two rounds and a half.

In the first round Slavin forced the fighting. Burke being apparently occupied in avoiding blows, as Slavin gave him many opportunities of which he did not take advantage. In the second round Slavin knocked his man down three times, and in the third round hit him silly, winning the contest in 2 minutes 40 seconds. This stamped Slavin as the greatest fighter Australia had ever seen, and it was decided by a syndicate to send him to England and America to fight any man breathing for the championship of the world and any money up to £1,000. Slavin repeatedly challenged Jackson before leaving Australia, but without effect, Jackson declining to meet anywhere but Sydney. Slavin beat W. Farnan, of South Melbourne, who twice defeated Jackson. Farnan was afterwards twice beaten by Lees, who, singular to say, was easily beaten by Jackson.

Slavin was entertained at a complimentary banquet at Melbourne. Professor Miller handed the champion a black-thorn stick, ornamented with silver bands. This was the gift of Mr. Frank Clark, and had, so the professor told the audience, been right round the world. The silver bands contained the names of the persons to whom it had been given, and who in turn had passed it on to others. The list included names of leading English and American journalists and sporting men. The last inscription was from F. M. Clarke to F. P. Slavin.

The presentation was made amid renewed cheering. At the close of the entertainment a number of the gentlemen, including the champion's backers, met in the Victoria Cafe, and drank success to the trip. Complimentary speeches were delivered, and the statement was made that Slavin could be backed for £1,000 against any man in the world. At another banquet the athletic editor of the Melbourne Sportsman presented Slavin, from a few friends, a handsome gold locket set in diamonds, a fair-sized stone in the centre, surrounded by a cluster of smaller ones. On the obverse side was the inscription, "To Frank P. Slavin, Champion Boxer of Australia, Melbourne, 21st June, 1889."

The guests all cheered loudly as the chairman handed the locket to Slavin.

The chairman mentioned that a gentleman was willing to back Costello against any man in Australia his own weight for a decent stake. Slavin is 5 feet 1½ inches high, weighs about 15 stone (two stone of which he can take off in training), measures 43½ inches round the chest, and is 27 years of age. He is decidedly superior in style to most of the modern boxers we have seen, because he adheres to the old-fashioned plan of hitting straight from the shoulder instead of the round-arm scoop and the upper cut which Sullivan introduced, and in which he has so many weak imitators.

Slavin stands straight up to his opponent, and his blows are delivered with lightning quickness with his left, while his right is always ready for the guard or the counter. His defence is admirable, because while his attitude is free his elbows are well in his body, and his opponent finds a "stop" where expecting to land a stinger. The champion stands well on the front of his feet, also being thus enabled to step sprightly and quickly in any direction. Even Sullivan will find Slavin a tough opponent to meet, and as for the other claimants of the title Slavin is quite prepared to pit himself against them all in succession, if they will meet him.

His own opinion is that he will eventually have to fight Jackson for the championship of the world, because the others do not seem to mean fighting, hippodroming and cat money matches being more in their line. Jackson was Slavin's old tutor in Sydney, and taught him much of what he knows, but Slavin is of opinion that he could stand punishment better than Jackson, and that, as he will mean business from the start whenever he meets Jackson in the ring, the latter will have a difficulty in standing against him. Certainly Slavin appears to have all the requisites of a great fighter, and, with his grand physique, should be a very ugly customer to put down.

After Slavin arrived in England he did not waste any time in declaring his intentions. In a short speech at the *Sporting Life* office he said: "I am anxious and willing to fight any man for as low as £100 or as much as £1,000, and trust that I shall not be kept in suspense. I have come to England for fighting purposes, and the sooner I am at work the better I shall like it. I fear nobody, and when I see money put up for a fight I shall be after it like a robin."

This is the way the price goes up: J. E. Seagram, of Waterloo, the well-known turfman, was offered at Saratoga last week the two-year-old colt Judge Morrow for \$2,000, but hesitated at the price. The next day Judge Morrow started in a race and finished second after being left at the post. Mr. Seagram then decided to take the colt, but his owner had raised the price to \$2,000. Several days afterwards the colt was started again, winning a dash of a mile in 1:42½, and beating a good field. Mr. Seagram was then willing to pay \$2,000, but the owner politely refused to take \$2,000.

Later Judge Morrow showed so much speed that his owner took him to Westchester, and his race there on the opening day, where he was only beaten a nose by Tatler in a mile and a sixteenth in 1:50½, shows how real good he is. If his owner has sense enough to retire him at once he will have next season one of the grandest and speediest three-year-olds in America. He could not be bought to-day for much less than \$10,000.

Duncan C. Ross, the champion all-round athlete, has again accomplished a feat at hammer-throwing that places him in the front rank of all aspirants for this special branch of competition so popular in all Scotch games in all parts of the world. Ross, at the Boston Celtic-American games, on August 29, figured in the heavy hammer throwing contest for prize aggregating \$175. It was the most important event of the day, and not a little betting was indulged in on the result, with McDougall a 2 to 1 favorite over Ross. McDougall's first throw was 90 feet. Ross took the massive iron, with apparent ease, scored 101 feet 3 inches. This seemingly disheartened McDougall, and in subsequent trials he went to pieces. Cattachan made a throw of 101 feet 3 inches, and then Ross went to the mark for his second trial. Swinging the heavy metal thrice about his head, he threw all his strength into the effort, and the missile never touched earth until a distance of 109 feet 6 inches had been traversed. This feat eclipses all records, the best previous one being Ross' own of 101 feet 11 inches, made on the Manhattan grounds, New York.

It is declared on good authority that Tom Sayers, the greatest light heavy-weight the world ever produced, used to say to his seconds before going into the ring: "Never mind about going in for me; I shall know when I am beat." And of course Tom never did know. If he had, when his right arm went, in the immortal battle with John C. Heenan, he'd have had the sponge thrown up.

Only two years ago a champion saved his reputation by discreet silence and genuine gameness. I refer to the Sullivan and Cardiff bout. Sullivan's left arm, it will be remembered, was broken early in this contest, but the champion did not even let his seconds know of his injury. It is not likely they would have given in for him, but their looks or actions might have given the Cardiff party the very information Sullivan was most anxious they shouldn't have.

REFEREE.

FOUR VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette Card Player," and "Bar-Enders' Guide"—all copiously illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

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A. J., Omaha, Neb.—No.
C. R., Elmwood, Neb.—No.
M. J. W., Paterson, N. J.—No.
J. F. G., Mount Holly.—No. wins.
M. H., Holyoke, Mass.—1. No. 2. Wallace Ross.
G. D., Croton, N. Y.—Yes, if you showed the card.
J. A., Irvington, N. Y.—In Columbia county, N. Y.
Toby, Titusville, Pa.—He is living at Long Branch.
D. C., Utica, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Maud S. 2:08½. 3. No.
F. F. S., Marlboro, Pa.—There is no such official record.
R. C. MCH., Brainwood, Neb.—High, low, jack, game; 5.
J. B., Elaberry, Mo.—The bet is off, for neither side won.
EXCELSIOR ROWING CLUB, St. Louis.—Yes; send on photo.
CHAS. D., Streator, Ill.—One hundred and fifty-two pounds.
E. A. W., Arverne, L. I.—The population of Ireland is 4,350,000.
H., Harrison, N. J.—Certainly when it is agreed to play straight.

S. D., Carlin, Wyoming.—Nothing counts when playing with a foul deck.
T. S. J., Newark, N. J.—The party you mention never fought for the title.

S. A., Newark, N. J.—No; Dempsey and Le Blanche only fought twice.

P. M., Chicago.—1. No. 2. Maud S. was accompanied by a running mate.

T. C. G., Geneseo, N. Y.—Both parties must abide by the referee's decision.

H. J. T., St. Paul, Minn.—Send 25 cents to this office for the book you mention.

C. E., Baton Rouge, La.—Geraldine is a chestnut filly by Grinstead—Cousin Peggy.

J. H. C., New York City.—If you want your challenge published send a deposit.

Bayonne, N. J.—Yes; send 25 cents for "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan."

W. G., Harrisburg, Pa.—It was in 1875 Aristides won the Kentucky Derby, not 1877. B. loses.

E. H., Gloverville, N. Y.—We have not space to publish the records of the party you mention.

C. S., Milwaukee, Wis.—It is all owing to the science and strength of the party engaged in the contest.

T. J. S., Portsmouth, N. H.—George Littlewood holds the "Police Gazette" six-day go-as-you-please belt.

T. J. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Swifter, with 100 pounds up, ran 5 furlongs in 1:01 at Morris Park, N. Y., on Aug. 22.

T. M., Hartford, Conn.—Jake Gaudaur was born in Orilla, Canada, in 1857; Wm. O'Connor was born in Canada.

B. B., Greenville, Tex.—John L. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height. Jake Kilrain stands 5 feet 11 inches.

T. B. H. M., San Francisco, Cal.—Maud S. was five years old. She was foaled July 6, 1880, and trotted a mile in 2:08½, July 30, 1885.

S. H., Haverstraw, N. Y.—The Ward Brothers won the four-rounder championship of the world at Saratoga Lake, Saratoga, N. Y.

J. S. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—Edward A. Trickett won the single-scull championship of the world in 1876 by defeating Joseph H. Sadler.

M. J. C., New Orleans, La.—Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan, February 7, 1882. John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell, March 10, 1888.

M. J., Jersey City.—W. S. Grace, the cricketer, has made 25,000 runs and 2,000 wickets, which bowls over all other cricketers' records.

M. J. S., Beverly, Mass.—The best record for throwing the heavy hammer is 109 feet 6 inches, made by Duncan C. Ross at Boston, Mass., Aug. 29, 1889.

M. J. S., Pottsville.—The fastest record for running 7 furlongs is 1:26½, made by G. W. Cook, four years old, with 110 pounds up, at Chicago, August 29, 1889.

M. J. S., New York City.—The fastest time on record for five furlongs is 59 seconds, made by Brittanice, 6 years old, with 123 pounds, at Morris' track, Westchester, Aug. 31, 1889.

M. J. D., Rochester, N. Y.—The referee's decision is final and there is no appeal. You agreed to his appointment, therefore you have no one but yourself to blame for his decision.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond, Conn., Wis.—No; dozens of amateurs can run 100 yards in 11 seconds. 2. Probably with training. Send for the "American Athlete" to this office.

T. J. C., Paterson, N. J.—The fastest time on record for three-quarters of a mile is 1:11, made by El Rio Boy, 2 years old, with 125 pounds, at Morris Park, Westchester, N. Y., on August 31, 1889.

D. S. J., Philadelphia.—The fastest time on record for running 15 yards in a three-legged race is 20 2-5 seconds, made by C. E. Russe and C. L. Jacquelin, at Bergen Point, N. J., on Aug. 31, 1889.

T. J. W., Pottsville, Pa.—A and B tie, each having thrown 42; D, who threw 40, has no claim on either the first or second prize, A and B being compelled to either divide or throw off at their option.

J. B., Upper Lohigh, Pa.—1. John L. Sullivan's height is 5 feet 10½ inches; Jake Kilrain's, 5 feet 11 inches. When Ryan and Sullivan fought Ryan weighed 165 pounds, Sullivan 172 pounds. 2. You must have been mistaken.

O. B. W., Bloomington, Pa.—1. John L. Sullivan weighs 220 pounds; Jack Dempsey, 180 pounds; Charley Mitchell, 190 pounds, untrained. 2. 115 pounds, feather-weights; 125 pounds, light, and 154 pounds, middle-weights.

A. L. S., Kansas City, Mo.—1. Bendigo ran second to Hannawood in the Cossartwick stakes in England in 1887. 2. He carried 133 pounds. 3. Bendigo won the Cambridgehire in 1883, and ran second to Florence in 1884; second to Pilsanster in 1885.

M. J. S., Boston.—The largest stakes ever fought for in a glove contest is \$25,000, by Jack Couper and Woolf Bendoff, at Fort Elizabeth, South Africa, July 29, 1889. The largest stakes ever fought for in a regular prize fight is \$20,000, by Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan, at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889.

T. J. B., Boston.—1. No, it was not for the championship. 2. Jack Dempsey and George Le Blanche fought for \$2,500 at San Francisco, Cal., on Aug. 27, 1889. Dempsey weighed 151 pounds, Le Blanche weighed 161 pounds 4 ounces. Four-ounce gloves were used. Le Blanche won in 25 rounds, 2 hours 7 minutes.

H. G., Omaha, Neb.—The bicycle records in the *Chippie* are not correct. They credit S. G. Whitaker with bicycle performances which belong to H. G. Crocker and W. A. Rowe. Whitaker's performances being made in England on safety machines, which have two wheels the same size and go with geared chains, while Crocker's and Rowe's records were made on the regular bicycle.

Crocker has the seven, eight and nine mile records, while Rowe holds all records from 10 to 25 miles.

ROW BOY ROWS, Harlem, N. Y.—A wins. Canada has not turned out more oarsmen that have held the championship of America than Pittsburgh. Canada has been represented by four oarsmen who won the single-scull championship, viz.: George Brown, of Halifax, N. S.; Edward Hanlan, of Toronto; Jake Gaudaur, of Orillia, and Wm. O'Connor, of Toronto. Pittsburgh has been represented by five oarsmen who have held the title, viz.: James Hamill, Henry Couster, Wm. Scharf, Evan Morris and John Teemer.

D. J., Boston, Mass.—Edward Hanlan has rowed the Thames championship course, 5 miles and 3 furlongs, in 22 minutes and 31 seconds, which is the fastest time ever made in a race for the championship over the Thames course from Putney to Mortlake.

Hanlan made the time when he defeated Wm. Elliott for the championship of the world on June 16, 1879. The second fastest

time ever made in a single-scull race for the championship over the Thames course from Putney to Mortlake is 22 minutes 29 seconds, made by William Beach, of Australia, on September 18, 1886, when he defeated Jake Gaudaur. The fastest time ever made on the Thames course is 22 minutes 18 seconds, by Charles Brightwell on April 9, 1884.

T. J. S., Baltimore.—Woolf Bendoff, who was recently defeated by Jack Couper, the champion of South Africa in a match for \$25,000, first became prominent as a boxer in 1881, when he tackled Jim Griffith, at Hampton race course, in the old style, for £190, and was declared the victor after a contest lasting nearly two hours, during which 50 rounds were brought off. The next to succumb to his skill and pluck was Jim Hickey, the Lancashire champion. Eighteen rounds were fought, the battle lasting 17 minutes. Pat Harrigan, a noted performer of the old style, was the next to face Bendoff. The meeting took place at Barking Town, Woolwich; the Irishman showed the white feather, and Bendoff scored another victory, after 16 rounds, lasting 22 minutes. He next entered a competition, open to all England, and vanquished three noted bruisers in one night. His next victory was in a match with Jim Young of Mile End; the meeting took place at Bow Running Grounds. This seems to have been a very one-sided affair; the fight lasted six minutes (seven rounds), Bendoff winning hands down. Crossing to America Bendoff challenged all comers, and at the Winter theatre, Boston, faced Jerry Murphy, the heavy-weight champion, in a glove contest, which was declared a draw. Bendoff's American record includes a victory in four rounds over Mickey Boyer of Boston, and a splendid triumph over Harry Langham, the heavy-weight champion of San Antonio, Texas. A match with Johnson, the colored champion of America, resulted in a draw. Returning to his native land, Bendoff felt himself justified in challenging all comers, the result being a match with Jack Kilrain, a giant standing 9 feet 1½ inches in his socks. The Marquis of Queensberry's rules were observed, and after boxing for an hour and twenty minutes the police put in an appearance. An all-round wrangle took place, and the referee refused to give a decision. Bendoff's fight with Jim Smith will be long remembered, Smith winning by what Bendoff declares was a chance blow, but, of course, this is sheer nonsense. Next Bendoff made a trip to Australia, where his challenge was accepted by Jack Burke. The match ended in a draw. In several other contests Bendoff does not seem to have fared so well.

SPORTING NOTES.

Jim Mullin, of Albany, writes to the "Police Gazette" that he is ready to arrange a match with Jack Quinn or Jim McNamee for \$100 a side.

Recently, A. M. Donaldson's ride from London to Edinburgh, 394 miles, in less than 56 hours, or two days and a quarter, was a hard job, and it beats the record.

Wm. B. Johnson, the well-known long-distance swimmer, desires to return thanks, through the *POLICE GAZETTE*, to Dave Holland and Dominick McCaffrey for assistance rendered at his behest.

Shannon and Smith are to fight for a purse of \$750 at the Occidental Club, San Francisco, on Sept. 10. Smith is training at Sausalito, while Shannon is training on the San Leandro road, near San Francisco.

Billy Madden writes that he is training Jack Ashton personally for his battle with George Godfrey of Boston, and that he is certain that the battle will be a desperate one, as Godfrey is a plucky and determined fighter. Madden further says that if Ashton wins he will match him against any man in America.

L. W. Maxon, of Washington, broke the record on flight shooting at the National Archery Tournament, Aug. 26. He shot a red arrow 244 yards and 6 inches, and a blue arrow 245 yards. He also won the New York medal. Mrs. Albert Kern, of this city, won the ladies' flight shoot with a red arrow, 210 yards 1 foot.

At Putuma, on Aug. 30, Lillian Wilkes defeated Sunel, the crack three-year-old filly. The winner broke the three-year-old record in a heat race by trotting the second heat in 2:17½. Of course this was recently beaten by Axtell, but his performance was an exhibition trot. As Sunel, when two years old, had a 2:18 record, all the sporting men there bet heavily on her.

On Sept. 5 there was a slashing mill fought near Barstow, on Long Island Sound. The principals were Jack Quinn and Jack Buckley, and they fought for a purse. Louis Franchi was referee. The battle was well contested for six rounds, when Quinn gained first knock-down. Buckley was led to the scratch for six more rounds, only to be knocked down each time. In the twelfth round he fell senseless on the ropes, when his seconds, Adler and Barnum, threw up the sponge. Quinn was declared the victor.

The following are the events and scores of the Passaic City Wheeling and Athletic Association, which took place at Clifton, N. J., recently:

One hundred yards run.—S. Winslow, 6 yards, 1; Frederick R. Westing, scratch, 2; time, 10 seconds.

Running high jump (handicap)—Won by F. J. Heep, Staten Island Athletic Club, 3 inches; Zach. A. Cooper, Brooklyn Athletic Association, 1 inch, second. Both men jumped actually 6 feet 3½ inches; thus Heep's handicap gave him first prize.

Two mile team bicycle race—Won by the Berkeley Athletic Club team; W. G. Glass first, W. Schumacher second; time, 6 minutes 51 seconds.

Pole vault (handicap)—Won by George A. Casey, Pastime Athletic Club, 6 inches; Zach. A. Cooper, Brooklyn Athletic Club, 6 inches, second. Both men tied at 9 feet 6 inches, which height they cleared. They both failed at the next height, 9 feet 9 inches, and in the jump off Casey managed to clear 9 feet and won, Cooper being tired from the high jump.

One mile run (handicap)—Won by J. Vandermast, Lorillard Debating and Athletic Association, 20 yards; C. J. L. Wilson, Prospect Harriers, 16 yards, second; time, 4 minutes 44 seconds.

Three-quarter mile bicycle race (handicap)—Won by A. A. Zimmermann, Cape May City Athletic Club, 25 yards; D. Oakes, Riverside Athletic Club, 50 yards, second; time, 1 minute 57 2-5 seconds.

Running broad jump (handicap)—Won by A. P. Childs, Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, 1 foot 3 inches, actual jump, 10 feet 1 inch; W. F. Slattery, Staten Island Athletic Club, scratch, second, with an actual lead of 30 feet 3 inches.

Putting the sixteen-pound shot (handicap)—Won by F. L. Lambrecht, Acorn Athletic Association, scratch, actual throw 40 feet 3½ inches; F. Scheffelin, Mohawk Athletic, 1 foot 9 inches, second, with an actual put of 25 feet 11 inches.

One-mile safety bicycle race (handicap)—Won by F. M. Murphy, Kings County Wheelmen, scratch; P. Brock, Atlanta Wheelmen, 100 yards, second; time, 2 minutes 55 2-5 seconds.

One mile walk (handicap)—Won by Charles L. Nicoll, Manhattan Athletic Club, scratch; C. F. Landring, West Side Athletic Club, 25 seconds, second; time, 6 minutes 49 1-5 seconds.

One and one-half mile bicycle race (handicap)—For the B. C. W. & A. trophy, won by Charles Rilsard, 80 yards; N. E. Rhuit, scratch, second; time, 4 minutes 33 seconds.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdle race (over ten hurdles, each 2 feet 6 inches high, trial heats, handicap)—First trial heat won by N. A. Campbell, N. Y. Y. M. C. A., 12 yards; B. Strauss, American Athletic Club, 12 yards, second; time, 27 4-5 seconds.

Second trial heat, won by E. L. Sayre, Manhattan Athletic Club, 10 yards; J. C. Devereux, same club, second; time, 28 3-5 seconds.

Final heats and race won by Devereux, Campbell second; time, 27 seconds.

One-mile bicycle race—Won by W. F. Murphy, Kings County Wheelmen, 10 yards; C. M. Murphy, same club, 15 yards, second; time, 2 minutes 57 3-5 seconds.

Quarter-mile run (handicap)—Won by E. L. Sayre, Manhattan Athletic Club (40 yards); J. C. Devereux, Manhattan Athletic Club (10 yards), and S. Winslow, Rutherford Wheelmen, 15 yards, dead heat for second place, and Winslow won the prize on the toss; time, 48 2-5 seconds.

One mile bicycle race (scratch for novices)—Won by T. K. Hastings, Ortilan Field Club; George Van Rifer, Rutherford Wheelmen, second; time, 56 2-5 seconds.

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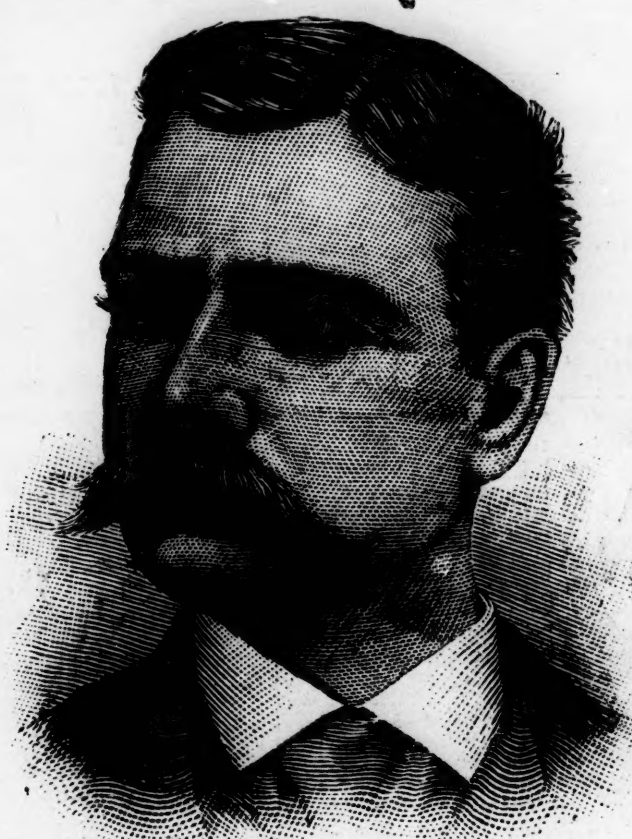


MINUS THE BARREL.

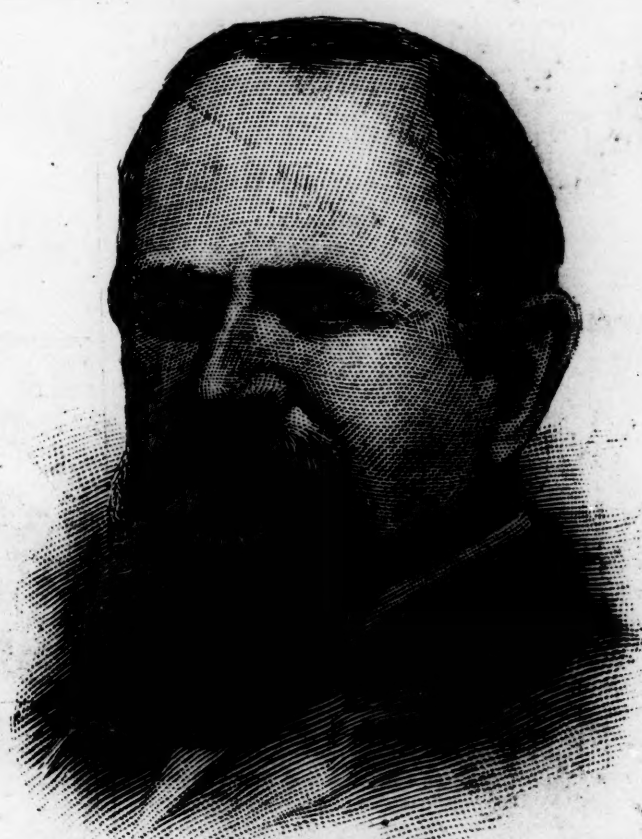
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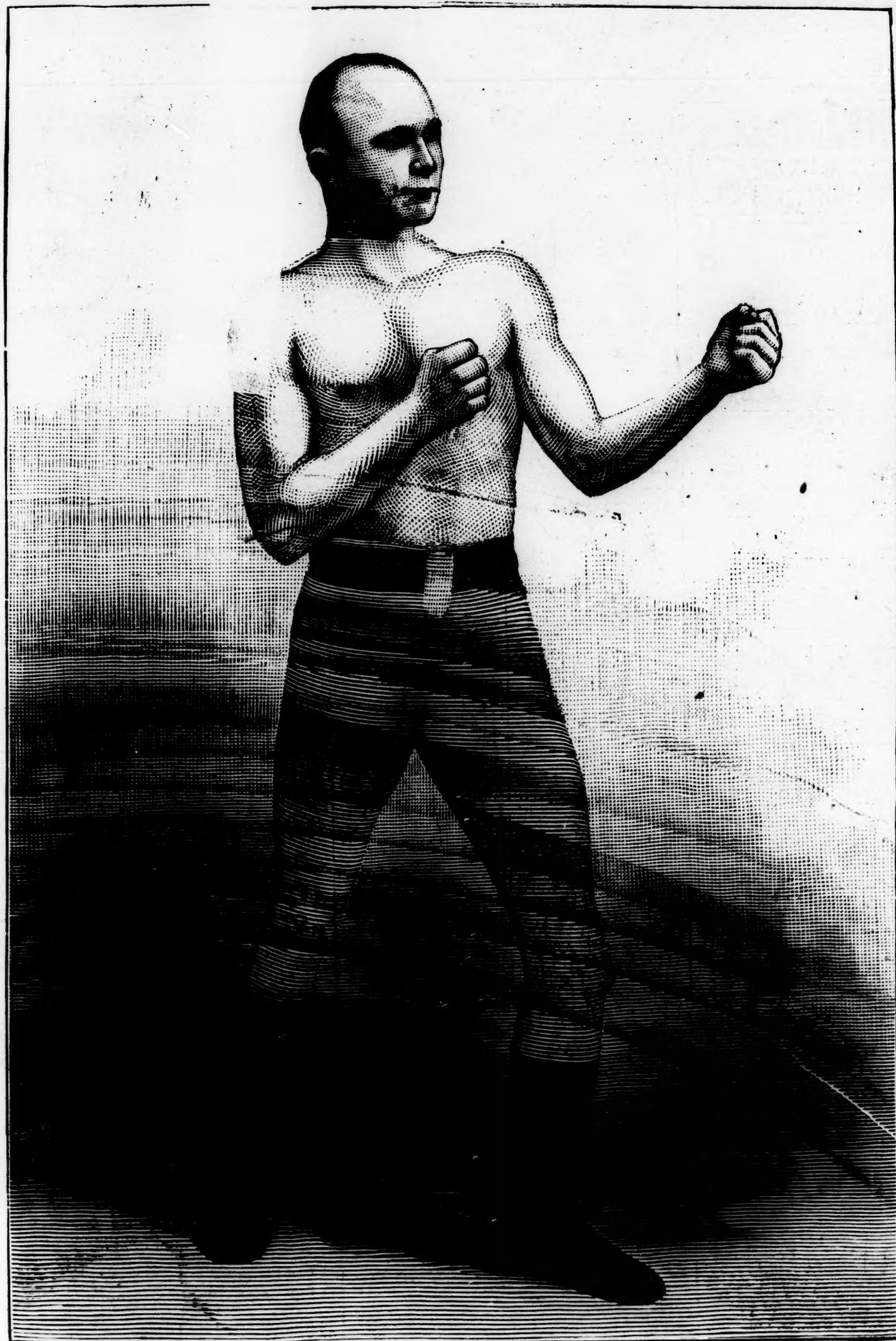
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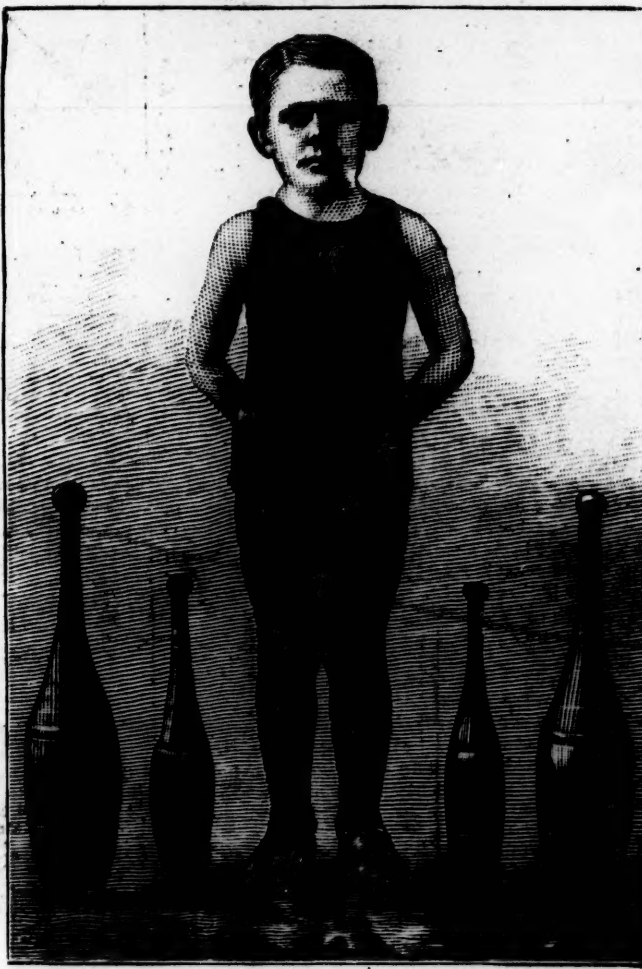
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R—Erythroxylon coca, 14 drachm.

Jervilla, 14 drachm.

Helonias Bileas, 14 drachm.

Terebinthina, 8 grains.

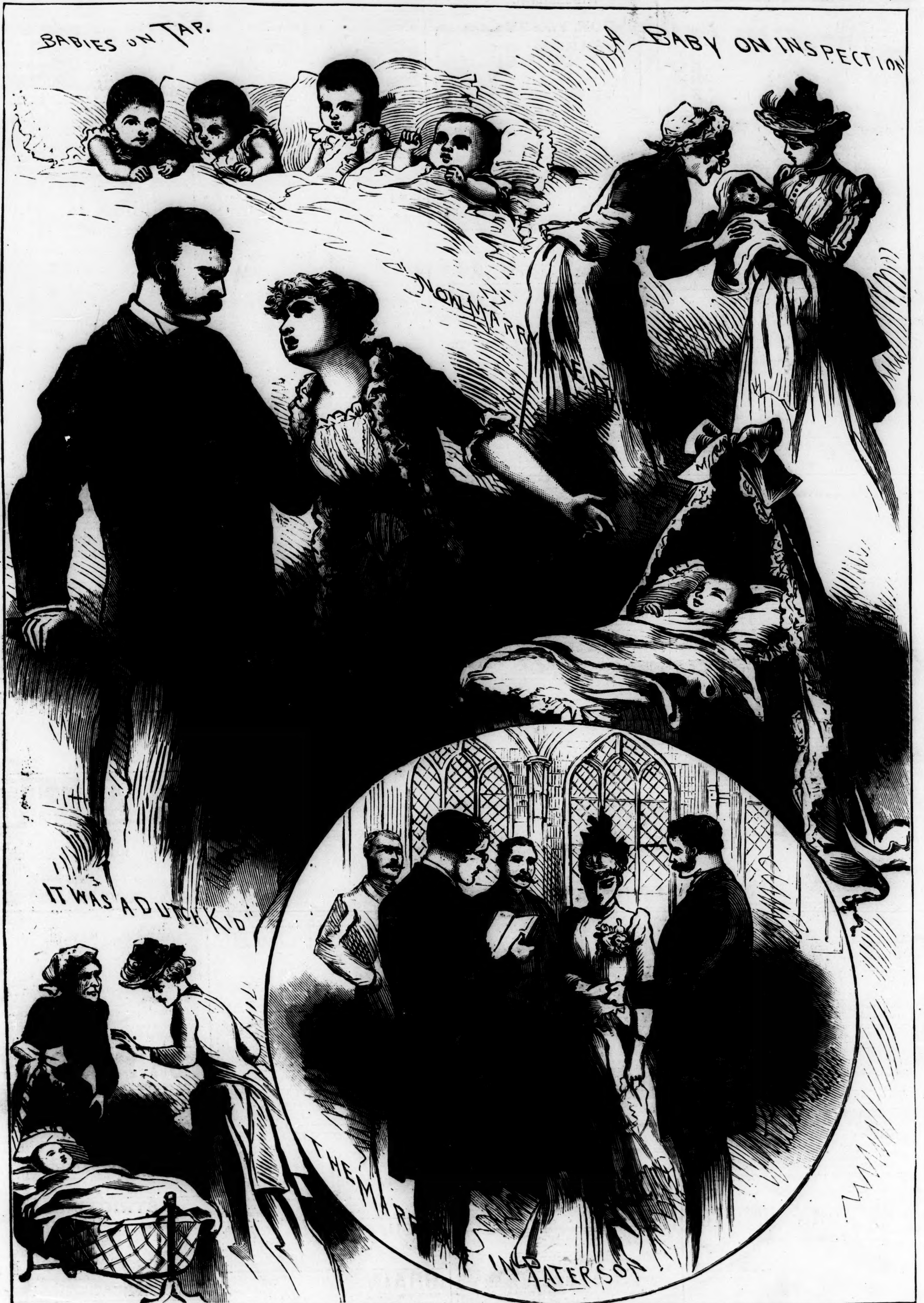
Ext. Jamaica Sassafras (alcohol), 2 grains.

Ext. Sassafras, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, q. s.

Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at



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